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THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF GOOD FEELING.

PRINCE ALBERT'S raree-show was to bring about the greatest era of peace on earth, and good will towards men that modern times had ever witnessed. The Socialist was to lie down with the Fundholder, and the Jesuit with the Evangelical; the American, the Austrian, and the Cannibal-islander together, and John Bull to make money out of them. But alas! somehow or other, the latter end of the pageant, like that of Trinculo's government, mistrusts the beginning. The sight-seers of all nations make light of all Mr. Paxton's pains, and will prefer going to Paris; and as honest John finds that the affair will not pay quite so well as had been anticipated, he begins to show temper, and exhibit a manifest desire to relieve his disappointment by "pitching into" somebody. The *Times*, which is said to "follow public opinion so closely that it appears to lead it," is particularly wolfish, and has of late vented all its bile upon the United States. It is just now slanging everything sent from America to the Exhibition, and drawing very hasty generalizations on American taste. When we step out of the sphere of "rugged utility," it seems we make ourselves ridiculous; our furniture is "grotesque," our carriages "gingerbread and tawdry," and so on throughout.

Well, *de gustibus, &c.* The very first thing that strikes an American exquisite in London—one of our metropolitan Sybarites, who has had a fair allowance of preparatory training at home, and then taken his degree on the Boulevards—the first thing that strikes such a man, whether he arrive straight from home or *via* Paris, is the antediluvian uncouthness of English furniture, and the vulgar tawdriness, with their ponderous brass-mounted harness and plush bedizened flunkies. As to our best furniture—being designed on French models, and in most cases actually put together by emigrant French workmen, it may be properly characterized as second-rate Parisian—and second or third-rate Parisian is much preferable, both for taste and comfort, to first-rate Eng-

lish. For in truth, that luxurious "comfort," so traditionally associated with English life, is very little more than a tradition and a myth; it is talked about plausibly, and described in books enchantingly, but the reality has gone off somewhere into Cuckoocloudland, along with the refined graces of the English nobility, that one sees so much of in the silver-fork school of novels.

A trotting wagon may not be the acme of elegance, but it is grace itself compared with a London cab—an equipage to which even the three hundred guinea horse cannot give anything but a clumsy air. An English chariot, with its glaring yellow body and flaring red wheels picked out in some third color, would be considered in insufferably bad taste here. We have ourselves witnessed the criticism of American coach-builders on imported English carriages, and while admitting the superior workmanship of the axletrees, and the excellence of the iron work generally, they could not conceal their disappointment at the inferiority of the trimming and finishing. We have no doubt—indeed, a friend of ours who first imported an English brougham, and then had one made to order here has verified the experiment—that a crack New York builder will turn out a more elegant vehicle, in any given style, than a London coachmaker, and at two thirds of the expense. What puzzles an Englishman is the lightness of our carriages; he cannot understand how they are safe. The *Times* made another brilliant discovery on this head. It supposed American vehicles might answer for the streets of New York or Boston, but doubted if they would stand the wear and tear of an English pavement! Our friend of the *Albion* is moved to a little melancholy mirth as he recollects the London pavements, and feels the New York ones. To make the thing complete, there should have been sent out with our specimens of carriages some specimens of the pavement under them. That is a bit of "rugged utility" that we could very well spare. In fact, the combination of lightness and strength in a vehicle is a peculiarly American idea, which a European workman can seldom master. The French have been the first to take hold of it. The handsomest and most popular carriages in Paris are now founded on American models, and called *Americaines*.

But in truth, the English have fallen into the mistake of attributing to us one of their own peculiar characteristics. It is *they* who excel in works of "rugged utility," and break down when they undertake to cut a figure in the ornamental and elegant. In all the mechanical arts—in every sort of machinery, from the gigantic engine of $n+1$ horse power, to the door-latch that will shut, and the window that will open when it ought to (as no French doors or windows ever did), John Bull stands supreme; but whenever he would sacrifice to the Graces, whether it be in dressing a dinner or a woman, in furnishing a room or painting a carriage, the deities are wroth with him. There is no style or *chique* in anything that he does. Not that the national mind is wanting

in refinement, but that refinement manifests itself in another direction. It is limited to the purely intellectual. In criticism and literary aesthetics they are unsurpassed by any people of ancient or modern times; in the aesthetics of the actual world, and the outward acts of life, they are still, with all their colossal wealth, rude and unpolished.

SUNRISE FROM THE RIGHT.

SWITZERLAND, which nature made a great country for a brave people, the beggarly Swiss have done their best to degrade into a mere show-place—a succession of scenic panoramas to be put before the travelling public at exhibition prices. Every famous mountain summit, every remarkable pass, every picturesque valley and romantic cascade has its native Barnum close at hand, for whom it furnishes the most desirable capital and stock in trade, and who takes care to turn them to as good account as his American prototype does that prodigy of nature, as marvellous amongst singers as Mount Blanc amongst mountains—Jenny Lind. It is curious to see how these countrymen of Tell make the natural wonders of their country tell for their own benefit; how they fence round the feet of the Alps, and padlock little gates through which alone the traveller is permitted to approach towards their summits; how they invest the rough sides of the mountains with regiments of juvenile beggars with bunches of wild flowers, bowls of berries, and wooden chamois, interspersed with groups of scraggy Alpine damsels prepared to make the rocks resound with one of those discordant melodies which the Swiss herdsman is supposed to recognise, in whatever part of the world he hears it; and no wonder, for nowhere else on earth could it have originated; whenever you come to an echo, there is a boy with a horn, and whenever you come to a point of view, there is an old man with materials to make you a horn, if you feel disposed to take it. In a word, you cannot get so high in the clouds and snow as to escape the pertinacity of Swiss speculation upon travellers, nor so deep in the gorges and ravines of the Alps as to get out of the way of Swiss ingenuity in devices for money-making.

But with all their tricks and impositions, the English-cockneys fare as well, if not better, amongst the Swiss than they do at home amongst their brethren; so to Switzerland they betake themselves in crowds in the middle of July, and immediately that romantic republic is alive with red whiskers, check trousers, short waist-coats and shooting jackets, clambering up the sides of the mountains, precipitating themselves down the zig-zag passes, snuffing the cool air from the glaciers, or opening astonishing eyes at the waterfalls, and wondering whether they don't surpass Niagara.

These travelling gentry of the Anglo-Saxon race generally take the beaten track, and go the rounds of Switzerland just as they perambulate Saint Paul's, Westminster Abbey, and the Tower. Very few of them go up Mount Blanc, the terror of cockneys

as well as wiser men, but all of them go up the *Righi*, a certain peak of the Alps which has never got but half of its growth, and is consequently ascended with impunity, and is well worth ascending, too, for the grand panorama of mountain, lake, and landscape which it commands, including a circumference of three hundred miles of as rare varieties of natural beauty and grandeur as one can well find, even in Switzerland.

Therefore I would say to every voyager to the world's fair who includes Switzerland in his three months' programme of European travel, don't miss the sunrise from the *Righi* on any account, overrun though it is with English snobs, those dogs in the manger of continental experience, who seem determined neither to enjoy themselves nor to let anybody else do so. In fact, who dare go to Switzerland and not ascend the *Righi*? It would be like Hamlet without the Dane; and to avoid it would be going to the height of absurdity, a point much more accessible, it is true, than any Alpine summit, but possessing no advantages for sunrise.

Go, as I did, on August afternoon, when the green waters of the lake of Lucerne at the base of the stern old mountain have ceased to sparkle in the sun, and lie in the shadows of the Alps, dark, cool and tranquil; and the long winding mule path, with its three hours of steady climbing to the top, seems less formidable than at noon. No wise man tempts the Alps except in the cooler part of the day; and accordingly, wise men that we were, we did not leave the little village of Weggis till towards sunset. Are there many strangers on the *culm* (i.e. on top)? "About two hundred," responds the entire small-boy population of Weggis, which has turned out *en masse* to look at this fresh importation of *les Anglais*, as every new arrival is of course supposed to be. The look of consternation on our American faces was forthwith turned to account by the Weggis financiers, who proposed to send forward an advance guard in the shape of a fleet-footed youth, to announce our approach, and to engage rooms for us in the hotel which adorns the summit of the *Righi*. No sooner said than done, and the youngster was out of sight in three minutes. We followed with slower steps, and hour after hour toiled up this steep path, which like all other Alpine roads, was most discouragingly crooked, perplexing, circuitous, and seemed to commence nowhere, and nowhere, and have no particular aim or object in its turnings and twistings. By the time the sun was well down, however, we were well up, but not at the top; our *avant courier* meeting us on the way with the cheering intelligence that every bed was engaged. Consequently we were compelled to halt at a big inn half a mile from the summit, and there hold ourselves in readiness for the event of the next morning. The house was swarming like a beehive, and the tavern or the *culm* which was in plain and provoking view, was evidently equally overstocked; in the neighborhood there was nothing but barrenness and rocks, and an atmosphere worthy of six thousand feet of elevation. The view, in the dusk of the evening, from this inferior point of observation, was very limited, the invariable tendency being to look wistfully up towards the *culm*, over the intervening waste of rocks to the black roofs of the tavern, stuck like a ragged turban on

the mountain's bald pate. How we envied the happy inmates of that lone delectable height, inasmuch as between them and the *Righi* sunrise next morning, there was no half mile of weary climbing.

Well, there was nothing to be done but to get our suppers along with the crowd of *Righi* pilgrims from all over Europe, who, like ourselves, were forced to put up with the half-way hospitalities of the hotel. Fortunately for us, reversing the ordinary rule of social economy, we didn't starve, for there had been a rise of provisions—a rise of substantial *fleisch* and other comfortable Swiss commodities as far as from Weggis to where we were; and we supped as men only can sup on the top of a mountain. And then, with all the rest of the knapsack wearers and staff bearers, deposited ourselves in very short narrow beds, and with numerous injunctions to guard against being overlooked in the general wake-up for the sunrise, went to sleep.

Seeing a sunrise on the Alps is very like going to a fire. A dreadful horn and direful portentous knocks rouse you in what you are certain is the dead hour of night, and forthwith you emerge from your comfortable dreamings, and, animated by a stern sense of duty, begin to fumble around for your clothes. You are on the Alps; you are about to witness one of the great phenomena of nature; you have walked miles for this very purpose; but yet—yet there is only one idea on your mind at this very culminating point of your Swiss experience, and that idea is that it isn't time to get up. You are dreadfully conscious of the fact that tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep, hasn't got half through the restoring process, but has left you in a most unfinished condition, like a semi-cleaned pair of white kids. You cannot recall the time in the whole course of your past career when you ever felt sleepier, than when you actually find yourself outside the house, wrapped in your blanket in the midst of what poets call the grey dawn. You are a perfect marvel to yourself, and begin to have doubts of your own identity. What a sleepy set of fellows about you too, every man of them in his countenance protesting as plainly as possible against the early rising of the sun.

On top, by the time we reached it, there had been a general jail delivery of the cosmopolitan inmates of the tavern, a piratical looking crowd in blankets, cloaks, and other heavy protectives against the cold. The greater part of them belonging to that race upon whose empire the sun never sets, the expected rise of that luminary was of course a most extraordinary phenomenon. Ladies, too, in no small numbers there were, all intent with eyes instead of ears wide open, in anticipation of this performance of "day on the mountains." We took our chance with the crowd, and secured a small surface of granite as a standing place, and pulling our coat collar over our ears, essayed to realise the beauties of the prospect, as well as might be, considering the provoking fogs which persisted in taking part in the service. But one might as well expect quiet dreams in a railroad car as enjoyment of the landscape from the *Righi*. Our fellow spectators, the Anglican portion of them at least, had evidently come up for any other purpose than that of sympathy with nature, or reverence for the Alps. One might have expected, with the Lake of Lucerne at their

feet, the clustered magnificence and beauty of Alpine peaks all around, to say nothing of the romantic variety of lake, river, and valley, on every side, these *Righi* pilgrims might have eschewed nobism for half an hour, and forgotten to be boorish till the sun was up, and if they must needs talk, at least talk about what they saw then for the first and only time of their lives. But not so; on the contrary such inklings of conversation as these from the lips of the fairer portion of our companions. "Pray how did you sleep last night?" "Oh uncommon well; but those horrid sheets were so dirty." "Dear me, where can I have left my gloves?" "Gracious, do look at that man coming on the horse!" And come he did, and some sixty or seventy more, some on horse and some on foot, until an hundred and fifty of us were collected. A daguerreotype in print of the whole crowd would be instructive and amusing, but the time forbids. One or two only must be specified. *Item*, a young lady with a long map of Switzerland, very anxious about particular peaks which ought to have been visible, but did not appear to be in the right positions. "Where did you say the Rossberg was? Oh, yes, that's right. Now show me the Nose," and so on, the Jungfrau and most of the other high peaks being hid by the clouds, had no opportunity of defining their position, and were probably scratched off the map. *Item*, several people looking very hard at the Alps through Opera-glasses, as if the Jungfrau had been a ballet dancer, or Mount Pilatus a baritone. *Item*, a most disagreeable young woman, who having nothing better to do, edified the company by ill-natured remarks on everybody about her, apparently for the purpose of demonstrating how one silly woman can spoil a sunrise. *Item*, one *elegante*, who had made his appearance *en grande toilette*, apparently well convinced that the sun couldn't be got up more elaborately than he was; this young gentleman was very careful of himself and wardrobe, looking at the scenery on the pivot principle, turning very carefully in a small space for select glimpses. *Item*, all sorts, sizes, and descriptions of men, women, and children, German, French, Italian, walking about and standing still, talking and silent; Russian, English, and American, silent and talking, standing still and walking about. The sun, in the meantime, showed nothing of the impatience and discomfort in getting up which we his worshippers had exhibited, but pursued a most dignified course, and kept us all waiting, as no doubt most of us richly deserved. By and by, however, on the edge of the distant horizon, came a golden spot, round and bright, like a glorified half eagle. This was the first of the sunrise, and forthwith our three hundred eyes took direct aim at the King of Day. A couple of unharmless Swiss wretches, who had been in attendance from the first, each with a long horn, immediately commenced horrid blasts of discord on the same, just as if the sun was to be blown up, following the performance by passing the invariable plate for contributions. Nevertheless, the sun kept rising slowly and surely, higher and higher, darting out his beams through half the heavens, filling the sky with an intense, sharp radiance, as the unblunted rays pierced in every direction, emblazoning the thick masses of surrounding clouds with hues that made them shine like so many suns themselves. Thus rose the sun, and thus from the top of

the Right the one hundred and fifty saw it, and I amongst them looked and wondered, and admired; and as I did so, the soft voice of one of the Anglo-Saxon sisterhood broke on my ears in the exclamation, "how beautiful!—isn't it just like a painting?" B.

LITERATURE.

LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY'S TRAVELS.*

THERE is nothing which John Bull likes so well on his own soil as an appreciative traveller, a man of breadth of mind and enlarged perceptions, not a shallow fellow, a conceited ignoramus or a pretender, but a person of substance with something in him—in other words, a thorough-going admirer of all that he sees, feels, tastes in Great Britain. Nothing ruffles John so much as to write in a critical spirit about himself or his peculiar institutions; but "go it blind," and you are his friend till death. In this there is a want of manliness about the same sturdy John Bull. If he offered less encouragement to toadyism he would be a greater man. He is strong enough to bear opposition well enough, and he sets a good example of grumbling in his own way of regarding things, so that he should tolerate it in others. But he does not. We are sorry to write it, but such has somehow got to be the fact, that the most conventional people in the United States are of a supposed English turn of mind. You see a man courtly, Pickwickian, dwelling "in decencies for ever," fond of ceremonial, and stanch in his reverence for authority, and you say how very English! Such an one readily fraternizes with the English traveller; and if he visits London, much is he dined and greatly is he approved.

Were Lady Emmeline Wortley, whose book of travels in America has just seen the light, an American lady writing of England, how greatly would she be admired in the latter country. There would then be not one objection too many, not one superlative too loud; but, as it is, lady though she be, Punch ridicules her pictures as rubbish and critical journals damn with faint praise. While they commend Jules Janin, who puffs the great nation in the *Debats*, as a man of sense, discretion, and information, they do not like to see good sense, discretion, and information applied to America. Perhaps Lady Emmeline is too enthusiastic: she certainly is a lady of truthfulness, however, and writing from her first impressions, is under no compulsion to put them on record as her sober second thought. As she sees fit thus to record them in this volume we will accept them for something. Take an early remark or two:

"Great injustice has been done to the Americans, and we have been accustomed too implicitly to believe the often unfair and unfounded reports of prejudiced travellers. Instead of discourteous and disobliging manners we find them all that is most civil and obliging. Among the less educated, no doubt, occasionally, some of the faults so unparaphrasingly attributed to them, may be found; but they appear to me, as far as I have had any opportunity of judging as yet, a thoroughly hospitable, kind-hearted, and generous-minded people.

"I like the Americans more and more: either

they have improved wonderfully lately, or else the criticisms on them have been cruelly exaggerated. They are particularly courteous and obliging; and seem, I think, amiably anxious that foreigners should carry away a favorable impression of them. As for me, let other travellers say what they please of them, I am determined not to be prejudiced, but to judge of them exactly as I find them; and I shall most pertinaciously continue to praise them (if I see no good cause to alter my present humble opinion), and most especially for their obliging civility and hospitable attention to strangers, of which I have already seen several instances.

"I have witnessed but very few isolated cases, as yet, of the unrefined habits so usually ascribed to them; and those cases decidedly were not among the higher orders of people; for there seems just as much difference in America as anywhere else in some respects. The superior classes here have almost always excellent manners, and a great deal of real and natural, as well as acquired refinement, and are often besides (which perhaps will not be believed in fastidious England) extremely distinguished looking. By the way, the captains of the steamboats appear a remarkably gentlemanlike race of men in general, particularly courteous in their deportment, and very considerate and obliging to the passengers."

The mind of no person can be clearer of prejudice, apparently, than our fair traveller; yet she confesses she comes to America prepared to encounter all sorts of disagreeabilities, unrefined habits, &c. Ill manners are seemingly to be taken as the rule, courtesy and propriety as the exception. Was ever nation so judged before; was ever any foregone conclusion more absurd and puerile? In estimating the manners of America you must take into consideration the unusually large aggregate of the class of whom you are forming an opinion. You speak of the manners of the people of England with reference to a very limited number of people: here all classes mingle freely together and you speak of the whole. You should be prepared then for numerous exceptions, especially when you remember how many of the obtrusive class are recently arrived, uncultivated emigrants, not yet risen to the American standard, from the Old World. A London journal, for instance, the other day was reading a lecture on an offensive display of puffing advertisement, accompanied by a very weak performance, in the American department of the Crystal Palace. It was, to be sure, a paltry tawdry exhibition from this country—but the exhibitor was an Englishman who had brought his manners fresh from the trade snobbery of the Old World!

There is a wide-spread courtesy and chivalry even among the people of America, which we believe exists just now, in an equal degree, among no other nation under heaven. There is in this nation freedom, hope, energy, prosperity: a salient life which breathes freely in acts of nobleness and generosity. The moral feeling of America is not yet dwarfed by the stunted growth of long oppression in the old world—and this is seen in the manners witnessed by our lady traveller.

We are tempted to smile, sometimes, however, at the good natured "entuzzy muzzy" of Lady Emmeline. The deification of Daniel Webster, the godlike, has been a favorite mark with travellers. Had he not been really a great man, he would be smothered with incense and adjectives. He is the Olympian Jove of letter writers, in

whose behalf the English language bleeds freely. The "cavernous" eyes are now telescopically directed outwards "down the depths of ages." Each new devotee must transcend his predecessor. Lady Wortley leaves a hard task for her successor:

"I have just seen that great man, Mr. Webster, and also Mrs. Webster who, I find, are now staying in this hotel. He is a friend of my father's; but as I was abroad when he was at Belvoir Castle, I had never before seen him. I was, as everybody must be, I should think, very much struck by his magnificent countenance—that prodigiously massive brow, those mighty eyes, that seem as if they were calmly looking down the depths of ages, and that grand air of repose (which especially appeared to me to characterize his aspect) have a sort of quiet mountainous grandeur about them that makes one think, that old Homer, had he not been blind, might so have looked, or the awful son of Cælus and Terra! His features have more, I think, of the Oriental than the Occidental cast; but then you seldom see so much intellect in an Eastern countenance. It is, indeed, a very un-American face, for their features are ordinarily rather sharp and delicate."

Un-American! So it is sometimes said of Shakspeare's face—it is very un-English. But America, nevertheless, produced the one and England the other.

The "awful son of Cælus and Terra" seizes the reins of a chariot—the description should be Homeric; but we despair. In plain English, Lady Emmeline takes a ride with the great Daniel from his residence at Marshfield. It was accompanied by a storm worthy of Homer, however:—

"Mr. Webster was good enough to drive me out yesterday, and a most splendid drive we had. At one part, from a rather high eminence, we had a glorious panoramic view: it was really sublime: ocean, forest, hill, valley, promontory, river, field, glade, and hollow were spread before us; altogether they formed a truly magnificent prospect. One almost seemed to be looking into boundless space. We paused at this spot a little, while to admire the beautiful scene. How meet a companion the giant Atlantic seemed for that mighty mind, to some of whose noble sentiments I had just been listening with delight and veneration, and yet how far beyond the widest sweep of ocean, is the endless expanse of the immortal intellect—time-overcoming—creation-compelling!

However, while I was thus up in the clouds, they (condescendingly determining, I suppose, to return my call) suddenly came down upon us, and unmercifully. St. Swithin! what a rain it was! The Atlantic is a beautiful object to look at, but when either he, or some cousin-germain above, takes it into his head to act the part of shower-bath extraordinary to you, it is not so pleasant. My thoughts immediately fled away from ocean (except the descending one), forest, hill, dale, and all the circumjacent scenery, to centre ignominiously on my bonnet, to say nothing of the tip of my nose, which was drenched and drowned completely in a half second. My veil—humble defence against the fury of the elements!—accommodated its dripping self to the features of my face like the black mask of some desperate burglar, driven against it, also, by the wind, that blew a 'few,' I can assure the reader.

"How Mr. Webster contrived to drive, I know not, but drive he did, at a good pace too, for 'after us,' indeed, was 'the deluge'; I could scarcely see him; a wall of water separated us, but ever and anon I heard faintly, through the hissing and splashing and lashing and pattering of the big rain, his deep, sonorous voice, recommending me to 'keep my cloak well about me, which no mortal cloak of any spirit will

* Travels in the United States, &c., during 1849 and 1850. By the Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley. Harpers.

ever allow you to do at such needful moments—not it! 'My kingdom for a pin.'

After this we have these *naïve* anecdotes of Webster in New England, which must just now excite mingled feelings of emotion in that region:—

"All the domestics of the house are colored persons, which is very seldom indeed the case in this part of the United States. Mr. Webster tells me he considers them the best possible servants, much attached, contented, and grateful, and he added, he would 'fearlessly trust them with *untold gold*.' They certainly must be good ones to judge by the exquisite neatness and order of everything in the establishment.

"Mr. Webster's farm here consists of one thousand five hundred acres; he has a hundred head of cattle."

"I cannot describe to you the almost adoration with which Mr. Webster is regarded in New England. The newspapers chronicle his every movement, and constantly contain anecdotes respecting him, and he invariably is treated with the greatest respect by everybody, and, in fact, his intellectual greatness seems all but worshipped. Massachusetts boasts, with a commendable pride and exultation, that he is one of her children. A rather curious anecdote has been going the round of the papers lately. It appears Mr. Webster was at Martha's Vineyard a short time ago, and he drove up to the door of the principal hotel, at Edgartown, the capital, accompanied by some of his family, and attended, as usual, by his colored servants. Now it must be observed that Mr. Webster has a swarthy, almost South-Spanish complexion, and when he put his head out of the window, and inquired for apartments, the keeper of the hotel, casting dismayed glances, first at the domestics of different shades of sable and mahogany, and then at the fine dark face of Mr. Webster, excused himself from providing them with accommodation, declaring he made it a rule never to receive any *colored persons*. (This in New England! if the tale be true.) The great statesman and his family were about to seek for accommodation elsewhere—thinking the hotel-keeper alluded to his servants—when the magical name of 'glorious Dan' becoming known, mine host, penitent and abashed, after profuse apologies, entreated him to honor his house with his presence. 'All's well that ends well.'"

A great portion of the book is occupied with descriptions of scenery and localities familiar to American readers, occasionally enlivened by a trait which will amuse the reader on the spot. The Mammoth Cave, we pass over; but pause at its neighboring landlord at Three Forks:

MR. BELL AND NEGRO SOLICITUDE.

"I must not forget to speak of a rather whimsical but thoroughly obliging, hospitable, and, I believe, excellent old gentleman, at whose hotel we were staying on our way to and from the Mammoth Cave. Singularly enough, he has lived for nearly half a century within a few miles of the cavern, but never has visited it. 'Time enough,' he growled, in a voice that might have sounded from the subterranean depths of the cave itself, and would have rumbled at Echo River, like a discharge of Satanic artillery. 'Time enough to go under ground when I'm dead'; and we almost agreed with him, after we had all gone a-caving, and come back feeling so subterraneanly sepulchral, and with such a dreary antediluvian fossil-like sensation, perfectly convinced of the hollowness of the world in general, and of Kentucky in particular. Indeed, we rather envied Mr. Bell his superficial views and his never having been buried alive, or trodden underfoot by half a quarter of the inhabitants of the State.

"One of his female slaves told me, ladies return sometimes from their cave expedition half

dead, and keep their beds for 'a many days,' and occasionally have received severe injuries from stumbling on the rugged sharp-pointed rocks. This negress was one of the most good-natured beings I ever met with; she voluntarily undertook the task of rubbing off from some of our clothes the dust of the cave: she scrubbed away with such zeal that soon her arms became a sort of faint cream color, and her thick crop of wool was so densely powdered as to assume the same tint, together with her smiling gentle face. She appeared to compassionate us profoundly; and, perhaps, imagining, in consequence of her master's prejudice against that mighty cave, that no one of their own free will would visit such a dreadful place (to come back in such a fearful plight), she appeared to entertain an opinion that travellers in general had to go through this ordeal; and, peradventure, were thus naturalized and made real children of the soil, after carrying so much of it away about their persons and habiliments. This claim would be well grounded, at any rate."

Sometimes we have a domestic travelling scene; as this on a steamboat of the Ohio:

A FAMILY GROUP.

"There was another rather large family on board, the very antipodes of these, utterly unlike them in class, manners, appearance, everything. The mother was a lovely Spanish-looking lady, with beautiful jet-black hair, and delicate regular features: she was exquisitely but simply dressed, and a Spanish mantilla of black lace depended, with exceeding grace, from her small statuesque head. Her voice was 'sweet and low—an excellent thing in woman,' especially on board a crowded steamboat, where there is always a hurricane of noises. And what a refreshing contrast it was to that sheikh-like dame's tones, which would have drowed the town crier's."

"The eldest child of this family, a little girl, was one of the loveliest children I ever saw, and with very charming and pleasing manners, neither loud nor forward, nor too shy nor too bold—just what a child of her age should be, and like a child—which is not always the case here. The youngest child was one of the dearest little pets I ever saw: he was about three or four years old, and a perfect embodiment of fun, mischief, and merriment—the very soul of sauciness and drollery—an infantine Polichinello, a baby Flibbertigibbet, with such endless quips and cranks and 'mops and mows,'—methinks such a comical little darling Scaramouch was never beheld before! He seemed a duodecimo Grimaldi, a Liliputian Liston. He was like a supply of laughing-gas to the whole cabin, but he seldom laughed himself. There was a sort of quiet, profound intensity of fun diffused over his whole childish countenance and figure, that was irresistibly comic; his eye, cheek, nose, chin, seemed all twinkling and winking together, and he had a little way of putting on a despairing look of mock pathos, that was marvelously amusing."

"His usual dress was a sort of tiny blouse; but, the morning of his departure he was attired in a kind of microscopic pea-jacket (he was a very small child), with a mighty knowing-looking hat, stuck jauntily on the side of his unspeakably comical little noddle; and, as he strutted up and down the cabin, with his infinitesimal little 'pattes' stuck in the pockets, or the wee short arms a-kinbo, it was 'impayable' indeed."

"The grandmamma in this family was quite a model grandmamma. She must have been a person of the most wonderful force of character, and of remarkable greatness of mind; something (not in person) like the strong-minded Madame Mère. It will seem incredible, but she actually did not spoil little George! I have even seen her look grave when thinking, perhaps, he was verging on the bounds of pertness, or exhibiting signs of incipient insubordination—

grave and remonstrant, when everyone was convulsed with laughter round her."

This is pleasant reading, but we cannot omit quoting a scene which awakened the wrath of Punch—a slave group at General Taylor's plantation on the Mississippi:

RAVEN ROLY-POLIES.

"The late President's son was there, and received us with the kindest hospitality. The slaves were mustered and marshalled for us to see; cotton was picked from the few plants that had survived the late terrible overflowing of the Mississippi; and the interior of one of the slaves' houses was exhibited to us. As to the slaves themselves, they were as well fed, comfortably clothed, and kindly cared for in every way as possible, and seemed thoroughly happy and contented. The dwelling-house we went to look at was extremely nice: it was a most tastefully decorated and an excellently furnished one; the walls were covered with prints, and it was scrupulously clean and neat."

"V— expressed a great wish to see some of the small sable fry, and a whole regiment of little robust, rotund, black babies were forthwith paraded for her especial amusement; it was a very orderly little assemblage, and it cannot be imagined how nice and clean they all looked. Such a congregation of little smiling, good-natured, raven roly-polies, I never saw collected together before. One perfect duck of a child was only about three weeks old, but it comported itself quite in as orderly a manner as the rest—as if it had been used to give parties and assemblies, and receive any quantity of company, from every nation on earth, all its days, or rather hours. It was as black as a little image carved in polished ebony, and as plump as a partridge (in mourning). These pitchy-colored piccaninnies differed from white children in one essential particular, for they were all perfectly quiet and silent; all wide awake, but all still and smiling."

These passages sufficiently exhibit the ease and enthusiasm of our lady traveller. She visits the Eastern States, New York, Niagara, Canada, Washington, the Ohio, descends the Mississippi, proceeds to Vera Cruz, thence to Mexico, on her return the West India Islands, with a steamer run to Panama and Lima. The usual incidents of travel are always agreeably set forth; the rose-colored views of the writer being evidently founded on hearty good nature.

MEMOIRS OF WORDSWORTH.*

[Second Paper.]

THE illustrations of Wordsworth's poems, in the second volume of the Memoirs, do not fall short of the interest of the first. The character of the man, rigid from the outset, is confirmed in set purpose of devotion to the spiritual influences of his native mountains. Of these he is the willing slave. It is singular how rarely in any of his letters he gets beyond the charmed circle; when he does, and books or the affairs of the day are his theme, he is armed with a steady concentration of mind which no glare of fashion or worldly association can dazzle. There is proof enough in what Wordsworth said and did, that he was no idle or indifferent observer of the everyday life of England. His withdrawal from life and London was not a stolid dream of ease, but a stern, manly conquest of himself—for the highest culture of all his powers and faculties. We may see this in one pregnant sentence of a pas-

* Memoirs of William Wordsworth. By Christopher Wordsworth. Edited by Henry Reed. Vol. II. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields.

sage, in which he has left us an account of his peculiar selection of the Wanderer of the Excursion:

"My lamented friend Southey (for this is written a month after his decease) used to say that had he been a Papist, the course of life which in all probability would have been his, was the one for which he was most fitted and most to his mind, that of a Benedictine Monk, in a convent, furnished, as many once were, and some still are, with an inexhaustible library. Books, as appears from many passages in his writings, and was evident to those who had opportunities of observing his daily life, were, in fact, his passion; and wandering I can with truth affirm, was mine; but this propensity in me was happily counteracted by inability from want of fortune to fulfil my wishes.

"But had I been born in a class which would have deprived me of what is called a liberal education, it is not unlikely that, being strong in body, I should have taken to a way of life such as that in which my 'Wanderer' passed the greater part of his days. At all events, I am here called upon freely to acknowledge that the character I have represented in his person is chiefly an idea of what I fancied my own character might have become in his circumstances."

There was submission to duty in this; a calm guiding of the ship of life safe, according to its strength and opportunities, and free from the shipwreck which overtakes so many, from inconstancy and self-will.

Most men in the nineteenth century, even of those who pursue a definite purpose, live very miscellaneous lives. They share in the many-sidedness of the age. They take part in the most varied interests. Wordsworth stands apart from all by the singleness of his aim; the greatness with which he did one thing—the pertinacity with which he ignored so many others. His letters may somewhat unfairly represent the man in this respect, for he wrote with reluctance, and even his poems were sometimes committed to writing by others. But we have few records of his conversation. He would have afforded very little material for a Boswell in anecdote and dogmatism, either the full objective life of Johnson, or the acute distinctions of Coleridge's Table Talk.

This habit of mind, employed in philosophical introspection or watching the silent shows of nature, led him to great reserve in his range of topics. Of humor, Wordsworth exhibited nothing: we fancy a grim smile taking the place of the round Coleridge laugh, or the convulsive mirth of Lamb. There are a thousand occasions in life when the small change of intellect may be profitably expended; when the burden of thought may be removed from the over-careful brow; and life, for the moment stripped of its stern realities, sport in careless negligence over the passing foible or folly. A whole region of genial, generous culture seems excluded from the Wordsworthian sermonizing. We want a joke now and then, as well as a sentiment from Wordsworth's Cumberland parishioners. We should like occasionally to hear the ringing laugh of Sir Walter among them, and see innocent folly rule the hour. Everything, however, is not for the individual. We must do parcel work in this world, and so nobly did Wordsworth his, that it seems ingratitude to remind his readers of any other culture. Yet there are wide regions of literature not included in the cathedral walks of the Excursion.

One form of Wordsworth's reserve was a

dislike to the gratification of mere curiosity in works of Biography. He thought we might know too much of a man as well as too little, and confessed he would not be glad to hear that "records of Horace and his contemporaries, on the Boswellian plan, were unearthed among the ruins of Herulanum." This occurred in a letter to a Friend of Burns, on occasion of a proposed republication of Dr. Currie's Life. The frailties of the poet he would not have drawn from their dread abode. His general reflections on this subject furnish the creed of the gentleman, and are alive with a true humanity:

"From considering the circumstances of Burns, he then proceeds to discuss the matter more at large. 'Your feelings, I trust, go along with mine; and, rising from this individual case to a general view of the subject, you will probably agree with me in opinion that biography, though differing in some essentials from works of fiction, is nevertheless, like them, an art,—an art, the laws of which are determined by the imperfections of our nature, and the constitution of society. Truth is not here, as in the sciences, and in natural philosophy, to be sought without scruple, and promulgated for its own sake, upon the mere chance of its being serviceable; but only for obviously justifying purposes, moral or intellectual.'

"He then pronounces his opinion thus: 'Only to Philosophy enlightened by the affections does it belong justly to estimate the claims of the deceased on the one hand, and of the present and future generations on the other, and to strike a balance between them.'

"He proceeds to say, 'Such Philosophy runs a risk of becoming extinct among us, if the coarse intrusions into the recesses, the gross breaches upon the sanctities, of domestic life, to which we have lately been more and more accustomed, are to be regarded as indications of a vigorous state of public feeling—favorable to the maintenance of the liberties of our country. Intelligent lovers of freedom are from necessity bold and hardy lovers of truth; but, according to the measure in which their love is intelligent, it is attended with a finer discrimination, and a more sensitive delicacy. *The wise and good (and all others being lovers of license rather than of liberty are in fact slaves) respect, as one of the noblest characteristics of Englishmen, that jealousy of familiar approach, which, while it contributes to the maintenance of private dignity, is one of the most efficacious guardians of rational public freedom.*'"

What Wordsworth himself might have gained by an extension of sympathy, in his field of art, is seen in his fine classic poems, *Laodamia* and *Dion*, which, curiously enough, seem due to a forced employment upon the Latin poets, in directing the education of his eldest son for the University. His biographer says, in reference to the comparatively local interest of most of the poems:

"It may be regarded as a happy circumstance, that among Mr. Wordsworth's writings there exists a class sufficiently numerous to show how large and expansive his faculties and feelings were, in which the poet divests himself of all personal and local associations, and bidding farewell to his own age and country, throws himself back upon antiquity, and merges all his own individuality in a deep and abundant feeling of sympathy with persons of the historic and heroic ages of Greece and Rome, and thus extends, as it were, the limits of human brotherhood, and gives new life to what is extinct, and enfolds the distant members of the human family in a comprehensive embrace of love."

The *Laodamia*, Wordsworth says, cost

him more trouble than almost anything of equal length he ever wrote.

There are some points on which Wordsworth is in danger of being misunderstood: one of these, from his censure of the "fingering slave," the botanist, in the lines on the Poet, might be the poetic use of science; yet that it has such a use, no one seemed more readily to acknowledge. Let no one quote the satire of Wordsworth in defence of a neglect or contempt for thorough scientific study—until he has read the following passage on this subject, now communicated in the "Memoirs," from the poet's dictation:

"A richer display of color in vegetable nature can scarcely be conceived than Coleridge, my sister, and I saw in a bed of potatoe-plants in blossom near a hut upon the moor between Inversneyd and Loch Katrine. These blossoms were of such extraordinary beauty and richness that no one could have passed them without notice; but the sense must be cultivated through the mind before we can perceive these inexhaustible treasures of nature—for such they truly are—without the least necessary reference to the utility of her productions, or even to the laws whereupon, as we learn by research, they are dependent. Some are of opinion that the habit of analyzing, decomposing, and anatomizing is inevitably unfavorable to the perception of beauty. People are led into this mistake by overlooking the fact that such processes being to a certain extent within the reach of a limited intellect, we are apt to ascribe to them that insensibility of which they are, in truth, the effect, and not the cause. Admiration and love, to which all knowledge truly vital must tend, are felt by men of real genius in proportion as their discoveries in natural philosophy are enlarged; and the beauty, in form, of a plant or animal is not made less, but more apparent, as a whole, by more accurate insight into its constituent properties and powers.

"A *savant* who is not also a poet in soul, and a religionist in heart, is a feeble and unhappy creature."

Wordsworth's criticisms on books are always sound, and pregnant with meaning. In the absence of an Index, which we trust may be added to Prof. Reed's valuable contributions to this book in another edition, we shall gather a few of these together for the convenience of the reader.

SUGGESTIONS OF BOOKS.

To Charles Lamb, a *Thought on the Drama*.—"I liked your play marvellously, having no objection to it but one, which strikes me as applicable to a large majority of plays, those of Shakspeare himself not entirely excepted—I mean a little degradation of character for a more dramatic turn of plot."

Ballads by Women.—"It is a remarkable thing, that the two best ballads, perhaps of modern times, viz., 'Auld Robin Gray' and the 'Lament for the Defeat of the Scots at Floddenfield,' are both from the pens of females."

Choice of Sonnets, to Mr. Dyce.—"The 10th sonnet of Donne, beginning 'Death, be not proud,' is so eminently characteristic of his manner, and at the same time so weighty in the thought, and vigorous in the expression, that I would entreat you to insert it, though to modern taste it may be repulsive, quaint, and labored. There are two sonnets of Russell, which, in all probability, you may have noticed, 'Could, then, the babes,' and the one upon Philoctetes, the last six lines of which are first-rate. Southey's 'Sonnet to Winter' pleases me much; but, above all, among modern writers, that of Sir Egerton Brydges, upon 'Echo and Silence.' Miss Williams's 'Sonnet upon Twilight' is pleasing; that upon 'Hope' of great merit."

The Duchess of Newcastle.—"Has the Duchess of Newcastle written such verse? her *Life of her Lord*, and the extracts in your book, and in the "*Eminent Ladies*," are all that I have seen of hers. The "*Mirth and Melancholy*," has so many fine strokes of imagination, that I cannot but think there must be merit in many parts of her writings. How beautiful those lines, from "*I dwell in groves*," to the conclusion, "*Yet better loved, the more that I am known*," excepting the four verses after "*Walk up the hills*." And surely the latter verse of the couplet,

"The tolling bell which for the dead rings out;
A mill where rushing waters run about;"

is very noticeable: no person could have hit upon that union of images without being possessed of true poetic feeling."

Milton.—"He talked of Milton, and observed how he sometimes indulged himself, in the "*Paradise Lost*," in lines which, if not in time, you could hardly call verse, instancing,

"And Tiresias and Phineus, prophets old;"

and then noticing the sweet-flowing lines which followed, and with regard to which he had no doubt the unmusical line before had been inserted.

"*"Paradise Regained"* he thought the most perfect in execution of anything written by Milton; that and the "*Merchant of Venice*," in language, he thought were almost faultless: with the exception of some little straining in some of the speeches about the caskets, he said, they were perfect, the genuine English expressions of the ideas of their own great minds.

"One of the noblest things in Milton is the description of that sweet, quiet morning in the "*Paradise Regained*," after that terrible night of howling wind and storm. The contrast is divine."

Locke.—"The best of Locke's works, as it seems to me, is that in which he attempts the least—his "*Conduct of the Understanding*,""

Bacon and Shakspeare.—"He was amused on my showing him the (almost) contemporary notice of Milton by Wycherly, and, after reading it, spoke a good deal of the obscurity of men of genius in or near their own times. "But the most singular thing," he continued, "is, that in all the writings of Bacon there is not one allusion to Shakspeare."

THE CHIEF JUSTICES OF ENGLAND.*

[Second Paper.]

THE second volume of Lord Campbell's *Lives of the Chief Justices* exhibits a striking contrast in the careers of Scroggs and Jeffreys, and Holt and Mansfield, the two former the representatives of everything that is contemptible in the abuse of judicial power; the two latter, everything that is praiseworthy and noble, in its highest exercise. The readers of English history are more familiar with the shameless iniquities of Jeffreys than with the consummate wisdom of Lord Holt, or the universal learning of Lord Mansfield. Jeffreys is more particularly an historical character, in spite of his desert of the obscurest infamy; fortunately, however, his life "points a moral" which is not without its uses, and serves as a sort of beacon-light to warn dishonest Judges, who neither fear God nor regard man. Scroggs, his predecessor in office and equal in villainy, appears to similar disadvantage on Lord Campbell's pages. The accounts of his abuses of power and judicial brutality almost surpass belief, and are fitly

* *The Lives of the Chief Justices of England, from the Roman Conquest to the Death of Lord Mansfield.* By John Lord Campbell. LL.D., F.R.S.E., &c. Phila.: Blanchard & Lea. 1851.

concluded by the narrative of his impeachment and disgrace:

CHIEF JUSTICE SCROGGS'S OLD AGE.

"His disgrace caused general joy in Westminster Hall, and over all England; for, as Jeffreys had not yet been clothed in ermine, the name of Scroggs was the by-word to express all that could be considered loathsome and odious in a judge.

"He was allowed a small pension, or retired allowance, which he did not long enjoy. When cashiered, finding no sympathy from his own profession, or from any class of the community, he retired to a country house which he had purchased, called Weald Hall, near Brentwood, in Essex. Even here his evil fame caused him to be shunned. He was considered by the gentry to be without religion and without honor; while the peasantry, who had heard some vague rumors of his having put people to death, believed that he was a murderer, whispered stories of his having dealings with evil spirits, and took special care never to run the risk of meeting him after dark. His constitution was undermined by his dissolute habits; and, in old age, he was still a solitary, selfish bachelor. After languishing, in great misery, till the 25th day of October, 1683, he then expired, without a relation or friend to close his eyes. He was buried in the parish church of South Wealde; the undertaker, the sexton, and the parson of the parish alone attending the funeral. He left no descendants; and he must either have been the last of his race, or his collateral relations, ashamed of their connexion with him, had changed their name; for, since his death, there has been no Scroggs in Great Britain nor Ireland. The word was long used by nurses to frighten children; and as long as our history is studied, or our language is spoken or read, it will call up the image of a base and bloody-minded villain. With honorable principles, and steady application, he might have been respected in his lifetime, and left an historical reputation behind him. He was a person of very excellent and nimble parts, and he could both speak and write our language better than any lawyer of the 17th century, Francis Bacon alone excepted. He seems to have been little aware of the light in which his judicial conduct would be viewed; for it is a curious fact that the published Reports of the State Trials at which he presided were all revised and retouched by himself; and his speeches, which fill us with amazement and horror, he expected would be regarded as proofs of his spirit and his genius. Thank Heaven, we have no such men in our generation: it is better for us to contemplate dull, moral mediocrity, than profligate eccentricity, however brilliant it may be.

"Scroggs may be considered as having been of some use to his country, by making the character of a wicked judge so frightfully repulsive that he may have deterred many from giving way to his bad propensities. Dean Swift says, 'I have read somewhere of an Eastern king who put a judge to death for an iniquitous sentence, and ordered his hide to be stuffed into a cushion, and placed upon the tribunal for the son to sit on, who was preferred to his father's office. I fancy such a memorial might not have been unuseful to a son of Sir William Scroggs; and that both he and his successors would often wriggle in their seats as long as the cushion lasted.'"

Lord Campbell has laid out his principal strength on the lives of Holt and Mansfield, his and all the world's *beau ideals* of judges. And, commending his work to the leisure of professional readers, we devote the rest of our space in this notice to extracts from his biographies of these two great luminaries of the law:—

LORD HOLT'S YOUTH.

"Having prolonged one of his unlicensed rambles round the country, in company with

some associates as reckless as himself, until their purses were all utterly exhausted, it was determined after divers consultations how to proceed, that they should part company, and try to make their way singly, each by the exercise of his individual wits. Holt, pursuing his separate route, came to the little inn of a straggling village, and, putting the best face upon the matter, commended his horse to the attentions of the ostler, and boldly bespoke the best supper and bed the house afforded. Strolling into the kitchen, he observed there the daughter of the landlady, a girl of about thirteen years of age, shivering with a fit of the ague; and on inquiring of her mother how long she had been ill, he was told nearly a year, and this in spite of all the assistance that could be had for her from physicians, at an expense by which the poor widow declared she had been half ruined. Shaking his head with much gravity at the mention of the doctors, he bade her be under no further concern, for she might assure herself her daughter should never have another fit: then scrawling a few Greek characters upon a scrap of parchment, and rolling it carefully up, he directed that it should be bound upon the girl's wrist, and remain there till she was well. By good luck, or possibly from the effect of imagination, the ague returned no more, at least during a week for which Holt remained their guest. At the end of that time, having demanded his bill with as much confidence as if his pockets were lined with jacobuses, the delighted hostess instead of asking payment, bewailed her inability to pay him as she ought for the wonderful cure he had achieved, and her ill fortune in not having lighted on him ten months sooner, which would have saved her an outlay of some forty pounds. Her guest condescended, after much entreaty, to set off against his week's entertainment the valuable service he had rendered, and wended merrily on his way. The sequel of the story goes on to relate, that when presiding, some forty years afterwards, at the assizes of the same county, a wretched, decrepit old woman was indicted before him for witchcraft, and charged with being in possession of a spell which gave her power to spread diseases among the cattle, or cure those that were diseased. The Chief Justice desired that this formidable implement of sorcery might be handed up to him; and there, enveloped in many folds of dirty linen, he found the identical piece of parchment with which he had himself played the wizard so many years before. The mystery was forthwith expounded to the jury; it agreed with the story previously told by the prisoner; the poor creature was instantly acquitted, and her guest's long-standing debt amply discharged.

"He had been early destined to the profession of the law, having been entered on the books of Gray's Inn when he was only ten years old. His father was then treasurer of that society, and entitled to admit a son without a fee. Before he had completed his first year's residence at Oxford, such were his excesses, and such were the complaints which they called forth, that Sir Thomas thought the only chance of saving him from utter ruin was a change of scene, of company, and of pursuits. Accordingly he was brought to London, he was put under the care of a sober attorney, and he was required to keep his terms with a view to his being called to the bar. The experiment had the most brilliant success. His reformation was at once complete; and, without taking any vow, like Sir Matthew Hale, against stage plays and drinking, or renouncing society to avoid temptation, he applied ardently to the study of the law, and his moral conduct was altogether irreproachable."

HOLT AND THE PROPHET.

"Holt having, some time after, committed another of this brotherhood, called John Atkins, to take his trial for seditious language, the same Lacy called at the Chief Justice's house in Bedford Row, and desired to see him. Servant. 'My

Lord is unwell to-day, and cannot see company." *Lacy* (in a very solemn tone). "Acquaint your master that I must see him, for I bring a message to him from the Lord God." The Chief Justice, having ordered *Lacy* in and demanded his business, was thus addressed: "I come to you a prophet from the Lord God, who has sent me to thee, and would have thee grant a *nolle prosequi* for John Atkins, his servant, whom thou has sent to prison." *Holt, C. J.* "Thou art a false prophet, and a lying knave. If the Lord God had sent thee, it would have been to the Attorney General, for he knows that it belongeth not to the Chief Justice to grant a *nolle prosequi*: but I, as Chief Justice, can grant a warrant to commit thee to bear him company." This was immediately done, and both prophets were convicted and punished."

LORD MANSFIELD.

"Lord Mansfield must, I think, be considered the most prominent legal character, and the brightest ornament to the profession of the law, that appeared in England during the last century. As an advocate he did not display the impassioned eloquence of Erskine, but he was for many years the first man at the bar among powerful competitors. But before a jury in the Common Law courts, and addressing a single judge in the courts of Equity, by the calm exertion of reason he won every cause in which right was with him, or which was doubtful. There was a common saying in those days, 'Mr. Murray's statement is of itself worth the argument of any other man.' Avoiding the vulgar fault of misrepresenting and exaggerating facts, he placed them in a point of view so perspicuous and so favorable to his client, that the verdict was secure before the narrative was closed. The observations which followed seemed to suggest trains of thinking rather than to draw conclusions; and so skilfully did he conceal his art, that the hearers thought they formed their opinion in consequence of the workings of their own minds, when in truth it was the effect of the most refined dialectics. For parliamentary oratory he was more considerable than any lawyer our profession could boast of till the appearance of Henry Brougham,—having been for many years in both Houses in the very first rank of debaters. Lord Somers entered parliament late in life, and could not speak without long preparation. Lord Cowper was much more ready; but he had not had the benefit of an academical education, and his political information was rather limited. Lord Harcourt hardly aspired to rise above the level of the Tory squires by whom he was surrounded. Lord Maclesfield was unpolished, though forcible; and Lord King was dull and tiresome. Lord Hardwicke had very moderate success in the House of Commons, and his weight in the House of Lords arose rather from his high judicial reputation than from his eloquence. Lord Camden's set speeches in the House of Lords were admirable; but he had been found quite unequal to the noise and irregularities of the House of Commons. Dunning, amidst all this turbulence, was in his element, and was listened to almost as well as Charles Fox himself; but he could not bear the stillness of the Upper House, and there he fell into insignificance. Even Lord Plunkett caused disappointment when he spoke in the House of Lords, after having been acknowledged in the House of Commons to be superior to Peel or to Canning. Neither in the one House nor in the other did Erskine ever do anything at all commensurate to his forensic reputation. Thurlow prevailed more by the shagginess of his eyebrows and the loudness of his vociferation, than by his sentiments or his expressions; and the effect of Wedderburn's oratory, which was far more artistic, was ruined by his character for insincerity. When Lord Eldon had broken down in an attempt he made in the House of Commons to be humorous, he never aimed at anything beyond the pitch of an Equity

pleader; and Lord Redesdale's speeches in Parliament would have been reckoned dull even in the Court of Chancery. Of Lord Mansfield's three successors, Lord Kenyon, Lord Ellenborough, and Lord Tenterden, the first affected a knowledge of nothing beyond law, except a few Latin quotations which he constantly misapplied;—the second, though a scholar, and a ripe and good one, was only a few months in the House of Commons, during which he did nothing beyond bringing in a law bill; and in the House of Lords he rather alarmed the Peers by violent ebullitions of indignation, than charmed or convinced them by polished reasoning;—the last, having devoted all his best years to the drawing of special pleas, never was a member of the House of Commons, and the few times that he addressed the Lords he seemed to be opening to the jury the issues joined on some very complicated record. But when Murray was in the House of Commons, the existence of administrations depended upon his giving or withholding from them the aid of his eloquence, and in the House of Lords he was listened to with increased respect and deference. The combination of this excellence with his other performances is certainly much to be wondered at; for, while his competitors were preparing for the approaching conflict by conning over the works of orators and poets, he was obliged to devote himself to the Year-Books, and to fill his mind with the subtleties of contingent remainders and executory devises. Who is there that could have argued against Mr. Justice Blackstone in the morning concerning the application of the rule in *Shelley's Case*, and in the evening shown himself equal to Lord Chatham on the question of the right of the British Parliament to tax America, or the policy of declaring war against Spain?

"Nothing remains to be said for the purpose of proving that he was the first of Common Law Judges. Looking to the state of the Court of King's Bench in his time, it is impossible not to envy the good fortune of those who practised under him. The most timid were encouraged by his courtesy, and the boldest were awed by his authority. From his quickness, repetition and prolixity were inexcusable; and there was no temptation to make bad points, as sophistry was sure to be detected, and sound reasoning was sure to prevail. When the facts were ascertained, the decision might be with confidence anticipated; and the experienced advocate knew when to sit down, his cause being either secure or hopeless. The consequence was, that business was done not only with certainty, but celerity; and men making many thousands a year had some leisure both for recreation and elegant literature. We need not wonder that, being prosperous and happy under him, they were eager to pay him homage, and that they exulted in his paternal sway. We may form a notion of the love and respect with which he was regarded from the following appeal to him, when we know that the speaker was Erskine, the most fearless and independent of men, addressing him in the case of the Dean of St. Asaph:

"'I am one of those,' said he, 'who could almost lull myself by these reflections from the apprehension of immediate mischief, even from the law of libel laid down by your Lordship, if you were always to continue to administer it yourself. I should feel a protection in the gentleness of your character; in the love of justice which its own intrinsic excellence forces upon a mind enlightened by science, and enlarged by liberal education; and in that dignity of disposition, which grows with the growth of an illustrious reputation, and becomes a sort of pledge to the public for security. But such a security is a shadow which passeth away. You cannot, my Lord, be immortal, and how can you answer for your successor? If you maintain the doctrines which I seek to overturn, you render yourself responsible for all the abuses that may follow from them to our latest posterity.'"

ALISON OR MURE?

The leading article of the last *Blackwood* is an essay, equally elegant in expression and obsolete in sentiment, on *Æschylus, Shakspeare, and Schiller*, which the *Courier and Enquirer* sets down as "evidently" the work of Mr. Alison, "from its scholarly and yet sonorous style." With all due deference to our formidable contemporary, we are inclined, on the absence of any external evidence, to attribute it to Col. Mure, whose *History of the Ancient Greek Language and Literature*, though little known on this side the water, enjoys a distinguished reputation at home. We are led to this conclusion by the striking similarity of views exhibited by the Colonel and the reviewer. In the preference of the classical school of drama (partly as misrepresented by the French classic imitators); in the upholding of the very hypothetical and problematical "unities," in the peculiar sort of refinement which deems it necessary to apologise for Shakspeare putting a grave-digger beside a prince;—in all these we find close resemblances to, almost reproductions of, passages in the history.

It is true that these views have nothing surprisingly original about them. Indeed, beautifully written as the review is, there can scarcely be found a new thought in it. Shakspeare's power in the delineation of individual character, for instance, has been commented on by hundreds of people, and the illustrations given of it are much less spirited than those in Macaulay's article on Moore's Byron. But the resuscitation, at the same time, of the wellnigh defunct doctrines of the "correct classical" school which have so lost ground all through England and Germany since Schlegel's time, is a singular coincidence, to say the least.

With the matter of the article we have no further concern at present. Review on review is literally hyper-criticism, and nearly as bad as color upon color in Heraldry. But we cannot help expressing the hope that a generation which has read Wordsworth, and Schlegel, and Macaulay, will know too much to let itself be enchained again by any Louis XV. periwigs of *bienséance*, or sent on a wild-goose chase after doubtful unities. Sometime when we get a chance to review that edition of *Ajax*, we mean to carry the war into Africa after a fashion of our own, and prove that the unity of action is better preserved by the Romantic than by the Classic poets.

STUDIES OF THE SPANISH DRAMA, FROM THE FRENCH OF PHILARETE CHASLES.

IX.

Alarcon.—*Biography of Don Juan Ruiz de Alarcon y Mendoza.*

THE fecund Lope de Vega, the grand Calderon, have been often studied—their life is everywhere written. Here is a writer little known, who deserves to walk as their equal.

Before the year 1846, the name of *Don Juan Ruiz de Alarcon y Mendoza* was not to be found in any biography; for all that it is one of the greatest names of Spanish literature. Alarcon places himself as a dramatic author above Moratin, Montalvan, immediately after Lope de Vega and Calderon. Schlegel, Bouterwek, and M. de Sismondi, who have given their especial attention to Spanish literature, pass silently by

this remarkable man, whose genius was admired by Corneille, and about whom it is but recently that even very incomplete biographical information has been obtained. Even his compatriots have forgotten him; scarcely does the name of Alarcon appear from time to time, in the vaguest way, in their literary annals: they never quote him.

During his life, many imposters robbed him of his titles to glory; after his death it was with difficulty that the critics succeeded in recovering and restoring them to him; Corneille himself, in borrowing from him *Le Menteur*, a comedy which opened the career of our theatrical glory, attributed to Lope de Vega this work, which he calls "the marvel of the drama," and to which, he says, he finds "nothing of the same kind comparable among the ancients or moderns." Quite recently, a critic of the Imperial epoch, Victorin Fabre, attributed the *Verdad Sospechosa* (the Suspected Truth), a work the prototype of the *Menteur*, to Francesco de Rojas; all the successive and united researches of Nicolas Antonio, M. Salva, M. Ferdinand Denis, and ourselves, have been needed to determine merely how Alarcon lived, and where he lived. There are few among historical problems more curious or strange; the explanation is simple, although no one has pointed it out.

This same Alarcon had received from nature and from society many singular and incongruous gifts, which neutralized one another; an original genius, a violent pride, a noble birth, a stranger cradle, a highly dignified manner, and natural deformity. He was an Indian, that is to say, born in Mexico, and it is necessary to observe with what marked disdain the Spaniards have for a long period treated the children of their colonies; quite recently, even, Spain, whilst giving a free constitution to herself, has retained the last colony she has left, Cuba, in the most complete servitude. In spite of this Indian extraction, Alarcon occupied an honorable and, above all, lucrative post at the court of Spain, at a time when, as the Marquis de Louville says, there was scarce coin enough in the treasury to furnish their Majesties with an *olla podrida*, and from which dates the downfall of the Spanish monarchy. Instead of dragging along his days in that bitter poverty which consumed the days of Camoens and Cervantes, Alarcon found himself on a par with the great lords of the time, who must from the summit of their ignorance and Castilian pride, have greatly despised a poet, a man of finance, an Indian and a humpback.

This last misfortune, which the recent spiritual author of a *Comparative History of the Spanish and French Literatures* (M. Adolphe de Puibusque) seems to doubt, is nevertheless confirmed by the numerous epigrams which the poets, his contemporaries, directed against his deformity. One says that Alarcon "takes his hump for Helicon," another that "If his hump was as great as his pride, Pelion and Ossa would not equal it;" it seems little probable that contemporary malice should have diverted itself over a chimerical deformity. To have been a humpback, Indian, and man of genius were three evils, which one might after all console himself for with a little tact, humor, and reserve. But to complete the disastrous influences to his glory and to his repose, Alarcon added to his other gifts the most infernal pride with which the human heart was

ever penetrated. "Canaille," says he to the public (*al vulgo*) in one of his prefaces, "ferocious beast, I address myself to you; I say nothing to gentlemen who treat me better than I desire; I deliver my pieces to you; do with them as you do with good things; be unjust and stupid as usual. They look at and affront you, their contempt for you is sovereign. They have traversed thy great forests (the pit). They will go forth to hunt you out in your haunts. If you think them bad, so much the better, it shows that they are good. If they please you, so much the worse, it is because they are good for nothing. Pay for them, I shall delight in having cost you something."

This terrible humpback necessarily roused against himself the whole army of plebeian writers, whilst the Castilian gentry disdained to take in hand the defence of the Indian. So he wrote excellent plays which nobody praised, which many attributed to themselves, which Corneille profited by without knowing to whom he was indebted, and which brought nothing to their haughty father but a posthumous and contested reputation.

Born, according to all probability, about the commencement of the 17th century, in the Mexican province of Cusco, a province which forms a part of the district of Cuenca, Don Juan Ruis de Alarcon doubtless belonged to that great family of Alarcon who signalized themselves in the wars of the conquest, whose genealogy has been published by the Marquis De Trocical, and which has given many Governors-General to the island of Cuba, where it still exists. About that time the Prince de Esquillache had founded in Mexico a college for young men of family, a college where it is probable that the poet was educated. In 1621 or '22 he went to Europe, obtained in 1625 the title of Reporter of the *Royal Council of the Indies* (Relator del real consejo de las Indias), lives at the court, amuses himself with writing comedies, eight of which he publishes, forming a first volume (1628, Madrid), and afterwards twelve, forming a second volume (1634, Barcelona). The first portion is dedicated to the High Chancellor of the Council of the Indies, Don Ramiro Felipe de Guzman, Duke de Medina de las Torres, his Mæcenat; he says, to whom he addresses himself with the courteous tone of a gentleman addressing his equal rather than the obsequiousness of a court poet and dependant. Nothing is known of his death; perhaps weary of the epigrams with which the poets riddled the humpbacked gentleman, he returned to America.

Already, in 1642, the *Verdad Sospechosa*, his best comedy, printed in the second volume of his collection, was attributed to Rojas and to Lope. It was an original and well conducted drama, which, printed separately, fell, without the name of the author, into the hands of a young Frenchman, born in Normandy. This last was much interested in the theatre, and following the advice of one of his old friends, studied, imitated, and "worked up," submitting them to more severe rules, the rich quarries of the Spanish Drama. Pierre Corneille (of whom we speak) was amazed with the vigor of the dialogue, the simplicity of the construction, and the lofty morality of the whole. He imitated the *Verdad Sospechosa* with the superiority of his genius, made of it *The Liar* (*le Menteur*) and endowed France with the comedy of character. In softening certain

Spanish tints, and replacing the easy and rapid verse of Alarcon by the energetic and imposing freshness of hexameters, our great poet has in spite of himself preserved certain shades and groups completely Castilian, which produce a singular effect in the midst of the French and provincial manners of the city of Poitiers, where he lays the scene. The most remarkable of these Spanish traits is the *grande fiesta*, the fête and serenade given on the water by a *gallant* to his mistress, a description well adapted to the customs of the dwellers on the banks of the Guadalquivir and the Manzanarès, but little in harmony with the rustic inhabitants of the banks of the Clain, which washes the walls of Poitiers. The character of the talent, let us rather say, the genius of Alarcon, was not without analogy with that of the great Corneille in its haughty conception and expression. We shall find this lofty simplicity, this heroic grandeur in his comedies, which we shall examine directly.

BELLS AT MIDNIGHT.

BY ALICE B. NEAL.

I LOOKED o'er the silent city
So wrapt in its drear wide gloom,
And a chill—a shudder came o'er me,
As if from an open tomb.

The gaunt and spectral dwellings
Looked down to the desolate street,
Where late rose the murmur of voices
The echo of hurrying feet.

The mist from the sluggish river
Came creeping and stealing o'er all,
Nor strange that I looked on its dreariness
With thoughts of the shroud and the pall.

With thoughts of the pain and the sorrow,
The want, the anguish, and care,
Enwrapt in that vast silent shadow,
And verging to sin and despair.

The hearts that were throbbing and breaking
With misery too hopeless for tears,
And grief for the sinful misdoing
Of loved ones in earlier years.—

Remorse with its pitiless goading
Though clothed in the purple of shame,
And the cold indifferent scorning
Of traitors but human in name.

A sound on the stillness of midnight!
Through the dull pulseless darkness it jars,
For still was no light in the heavens,
No rift for the shining of stars.

A clang of bells,—nay a moaning,
To this mood which I could not resist—
With circles of endless vibration
That thrilled through the damp, clinging mist.

A dirge for the anguish; and sorrow—
No mercy, no pardon could win,
For hopes that had perished for ever
In the woe and darkness of sin.

There is music and gladness around me,
But oft through the harmony swells
Those full heaving sobs of the midnight
Flung out with the meaning of bells.

New York, Feb., 1851.

WE insert the following letter as an act of justice to the party most interested; and regret our want of time and space to follow up the amicable controversy which it opens. A great deal of classical matter, which we have on hand, is necessarily postponed, particularly some more volumes of *Grote*, and most particularly an edition of Sophocles's *Ajax*, from the academic press of Harvard, to which we hope soon to do justice, and

which, in the meanwhile, we confidently recommend to our classical and critical friends:

CICERO ON IMMORTALITY.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—In noticing an edition of certain extracts from Cicero on the subject of Immortality, you express a dissent from the conclusions to which the editor has arrived concerning the Roman philosopher's real sentiments. It is a subject upon which no one can speak dogmatically, and honest difference of opinion may well be felt. Nevertheless, the editor's statement that Cicero, though not a full and firm believer in Immortality, "had a strong persuasion of the probability which almost amounted to belief," has been asserted by the ablest authorities on the subject, and with less limitations in some cases, than those expressly marked by Mr. Chase.

Ritter, in his History of Ancient Philosophy, after admitting Cicero's occasional vacillation in regard to the doctrine of Immortality, says:—"Even on this point we are disposed to hope the best of his personal conviction; for the lofty moral views entertained by Cicero impelled him to take a worthy idea of the nature and destination of humanity, wherewith the conviction of the soul's immortality is so closely interwoven. Accordingly, he spontaneously and frequently expresses his persuasion of the soul's immortality, in those works which were designed to be generally intelligible, rather than philosophically accurate."—(Vol. iv., p. 142, Morrison's translation.)

Prof. Stuart, of Andover (whose opinion on this subject must be allowed great weight, whatever value be attached to his Philological criticisms), says, after having quoted some passages from the first book of the Tusculan Disputations, in a dissertation at the end of his edition of that work:—"Considering these and the like passages in Cicero's works, we cannot doubt that in the hour of cool reflection and sober argument, he had an overwhelming conviction of the reality of a future existence; although in his sportive or sceptical hours, he might act, and probably did act, the part which he assigns to his collocator."

Dr. Middleton, in his Life of Cicero, also asserts in the most unqualified manner that Cicero was a believer in the immortal existence of the soul."—(Vol. iii., pp. 366-381.)

These citations are all from authorities which I happen to have at hand. I am confident that a little examination would furnish additional assurance that Mr. Chase is at least upborne in his results by the judgment of sagacious and leading scholars.

An expression of opinion, however, upon a topic concerning which there has been considerable dispute, as this of Cicero's belief in a future state, is fair matter of criticism; nor does any censure upon this point derogate from the value of the book under consideration as a contribution to American philology. But there was one thing in your remarks to which exception may be fairly taken. From the language you used, the inference might be drawn that the extracts from Cicero given in this book were selected with reference to the establishment of a particular proposition, and for the special object of representing Cicero's opinions in a particular light. Permit me to say that nothing seems to have been farther from the editor's intention. His motives seem to be as far as possible from presenting a garbled collection of extracts for the purpose of maintaining one side of a disputed question. No one can deny that were the editor of any author's works allowed to pick just such passages as he chose, he might give a very unfair view of his opinions. A license like this would make Milton defend despotism and the divine right, or Hume preach Red Republicanism. But I submit that the work before us is not obnoxious to this censure, since it professes to give, and does give all that Cicero has anywhere said in his writings upon the particular

topic. No mis-statement or misrepresentation, then, is possible. Cicero cannot be made to say anything other than he actually does say, if he is allowed to say all. No defender of absolutism would republish all Milton's works or passages upon government; no mystic or sensualist would bring together all Plato's theological writings, to prove that he held their peculiar opinions: neither is an inquirer of Cicero's doctrines upon immortality unfairly treated if he is, as in this case, impartially presented everything in his works having reference to the subject. These very considerations, as well as the beauty of the annexed treatises themselves, might well have induced an editor who was bringing out an edition of a book of the Tusculan Disputations to add the other passages in Cicero upon the same theme, in order that the reader might have the whole fairly presented, and then be enabled after careful perusal to pronounce a fair judgment of his own. E. D.

Boston, May 29, 1851.

SOME OLD NOTICES OF JAPAN.

[A review from the London Examiner, of a new publication of the Hakluyt Society, "Memorials of the Empire of Japan, edited with notes by Thomas Rundall."]

THIS is one of the most valuable publications of the Hakluyt Society. It contains an account of all that is accurately known of one of the greatest, and altogether the most singular empire that has ever existed. Although the people of Japan form a large portion of the population of the globe, in so far as concerns intercourse with the rest of mankind, they are little more than if they were the inhabitants of another planet. Two nations only, the Dutch and the Chinese, are permitted a limited access to their shores; and for themselves to quit them is by law a capital offence. This isolation has now been persevered in for two whole centuries. For any authentic information respecting Japan we have to refer to ancient writers, the best of whom is a century and a half old, which is pretty nearly the same thing as if we were obliged to draw our knowledge of India from Jao de Barros, or of the Philippines from Pigafetta. The present volume consists of a description of Japan from the Harleian MSS., as old as the time of Elizabeth, most graphic and faithful; six letters of William Adams, a most original character; and a judicious preface, appendix, and annotations by the Editor.

The Japanese empire consists of one very large island, and three of considerable size, containing between them an area of about twice the extent of Great Britain, with many small isles, so that the natives say the whole group numbers 1,000, which means, however, no more than that they are almost innumerable. "Japonia" (says the old anonymous writer whose account of Japan is contained in the volume before us), "may be said to be, as it were, a bodye of many and sundry llandes, of all sorts of bignes; which lles, as they are separated in situation from the rest of the whole worlde, so are they, in like manner, inhabited of people, most different from all others, both for manners and customes."

The Japanese islands lie between the same north latitudes as Spain and Italy, but come within the limits infested by the violent and dangerous hurricanes of the China Sea. The land is mountainous, abounds in volcanoes, and is very subject to earthquakes. "In these Isles" (says the same writer whom we have just quoted), "the sommer is very hote and burnynge, and the

winter extreme coude. Yet is the climate temperate and healthie, not much peested with infectious or obnoxious ayres; but very subject to fierce windes, tempestuous stormes, and terrible earthquakes, insomuch that both ships in the harbour have been oversete, and driven ashore by the furie of the one, and houses on the land disjoynted and shaken to pieces by the fearful trembling of the other."

Many of the low valleys are eminently fertile, and those fertile portions of the country are very populous. Of the total population of the empire, however, no account has ever been rendered by any European writer, although a yearly census appears to be taken by the Government. If as densely peopled as China, it ought to amount to 37,000,000. As, however, the civil polity of Japan, and the industry and ingenuity arising from it, are greatly below those of China, while the fertility of its territory is much inferior, so large a number is not likely; and perhaps if we take the average density of its population at 150 to the square mile, which would give a population of 24,000,000, we shall be nearer the mark. The population accumulated in some of the cities appears to be very great. Our early writers give that of two or three of them as being equal to that of the London of the reign of James I; and Kœmpfer, in 1690, gave the actual census of Miaco, the ecclesiastical capital, at 529,726, of which 52,169 were priests, being nearly ten in a hundred of the whole—a proportion of sturdy beggars, for they live on charity, which would certainly not be found among the more civilised and industrious Chinese.

The most favorable exercise of Japanese skill and industry is exhibited in the cultivation of the soil, and chiefly in the shape of drainage, embanking, and irrigation. The grains and fruits cultivated are, generally, the same as those of temperate Europe. The first consist of barley, the common food of cattle, of wheat, in very little estimation, and of rice, which is the chief food of the people, with several pulses. Rye and oats are unknown, nor do we find any mention made of maize. Tobacco seems to have been introduced by Europeans in the beginning of the seventeenth century; and the reigning Emperor of Japan, like his contemporary of India, published edicts against its use, in the same spirit wherein the contemporary of both, our James the First, blew his celebrated Counterblast. The harmless weed has survived by more than two centuries the three silly monarchs, and brings into the Treasury of the successor of one of them the sum of 5,000,000*l.* annually. The cotton plant is extensively cultivated in the southern provinces, and the tea-shrub is also largely cultivated, but in a careless and slovenly manner, so as to yield a produce, very inferior in all respects to that of China. The domesticated animals of the Japanese are the ox, the buffalo, the horse, the hog, the common fowl, and the duck. The three last only are used for food, and the horse is confined to the saddle.

Two centuries' experience attests that the Japanese can live, or at least are content to live, without foreign trade. When they did possess it, the foreign commodities which found a market with them were ivory, sapan-wood, pepper, cloves, steel, lead, cannon, silk and cotton goods of India, and English broadcloth. The market for all these was very limited; but, it appears to us

very clearly, for no other reason than that they were offered at enormous prices, which disabled the purchasers from buying. Thus, the price of pig-lead, which is now in our market worth no more than 17*l.* a ton, is complained of as ruinously low at 27*l.*, whereas pepper is thought not remunerating under a shilling a pound, while in the London market, after being conveyed four times as far as Japan is from the source of production, it is, just now, sold for one-fourth part of that price.

The staple articles exported from Japan by the Portuguese, Spaniards, and Dutch, were copper, gold, and silver. In the beginning of their trade the Dutch, it appears, exported annually, on the average of thirty years, 500,000*l.* worth of gold, and 450,000 worth of silver, while in a single year, of the two precious metals together, the amount was no less than 1,150,000*l.* But the Japanese entertain the same horror of losing their wealth by the abstraction of the precious metals which the Chinese do, and which we ourselves, under the influence of a ridiculous theory, did a very few years ago. Copper of very fine quality, cast in little ingots, much resembling in form, and somewhat in colour also, sticks of red sealing-wax, is the only staple article now allowed to be exported by the Dutch or Chinese. The former had, at one time, exported it to the extent of from 300 to 400 tons a year. The metals which abound in the Japanese empire are gold, silver, copper, iron, and tin. Of the latter, old William Adams, to whom we shall presently refer, says "Tin as good and cheap here as in England." Among the articles which may possibly be exported from Japan in the event of a fair trade being ever established with it, is cotton wool, and possibly also hemp and some other textile materials.

European nations have never made so contemptible an exhibition on any foreign theatre of adventure as Japan. Instead of being met here, as in the countries between the tropics, by timid populations, or, as in North America, by savages who retired before them like the wild beasts of the forest, they were encountered by a resolute and tolerably civilised people, with the inclination and the means to resist. The Portuguese were the first European people that arrived in Japan forty-four years after crossing the Cape of Good Hope. The Spaniards soon followed, and both were received by the Japanese, seemingly a volatile people and fond of novelties, as Cæsar said of the Gauls, with open arms. They were allowed to propagate their religion without impediment or restraint. The fact is, the Japanese Government was utterly indifferent to religious doctrines, rites, or practices, as long as religion forbore to meddle in affairs of State, and did not endanger the public tranquillity, and its own existence. No less a person than the Governor-General of the Philippines, who had been shipwrecked in Japan on his return to Spain, tells the following anecdote, highly illustrative of the ordinary toleration of the Japanese Government in matters of religion.

There are no less than thirty-five different sects of religions in Japan. Some deny the immortality of the soul, others acknowledge divers gods, and others adore the elements. All are tolerated. The bonzes of all the sects having concurred in a request to the emperor that he would expel our monks from Japan, the prince, troubled with their importunities, inquired how

many different religions there were in Japan? "Thirty-five," was the reply. "Well," said he, "where thirty-five sects can be tolerated, we can easily bear with thirty-six; leave the strangers in peace."

For near fifty years the Portuguese and Spaniards propagated Christianity with a success unknown in any other part of the East; but in 1537, we find the first symptoms of displeasure expressed by the most able, enlightened, and tolerant of the sovereigns of Japan, Taico Sama, who despatched in rapid succession two commissioners to the Vice-Provincial of the Portuguese, demanding an explanation and answer to the following five demands:

1. Why he and his associates forced their creed on the subjects of the empire?
2. Why they incited their disciples to destroy the national temples?
3. Why they persecuted the bonzes (*native priests of Buddha*)?
4. Why they, and the rest of their nation, used for food animals useful to man, such as oxen and cows?
- Finally, why they permitted the merchants of their nation to traffic in his subjects, and carry them away as slaves to the Indies?

It is certain, from the nature of these charges, that the Christian priests had been insolent, overweening, and refractory, and that their conduct was already deemed dangerous. It may be remarked that at the moment when this was passing in Japan, both the Spaniards and Portuguese were under the rule of the most bigoted, intolerant, and persecuting of European sovereigns, Philip II. One charge alone of the Japanese monarch wears a somewhat ludicrous and trivial aspect, especially to an Englishman—the using the flesh of oxen and cows for food, or, in other words, "the eating of beef;" yet it cannot be denied that the prohibition to slay kine is maintained on more rational grounds by the Japanese than by the Hindoos. The answer of the Vice-Provincial was not very satisfactory. He admits the destruction of the heathen temples, but pleads that the missionaries could not control the holy zeal of the native converts. He admits the carrying off to foreign lands, in slavery, the subjects of the Emperor; but pleads that this was the work of the Spanish and Portuguese traders, and not of the priests. Still the Christian priests and their converts were treated with comparative moderation, yet strictly watched. The Portuguese Governor of Goa remonstrated by letter, and the Spanish Governor of the Philippines sent envoys to Japan for the same purpose. In conversation with these envoys the Emperor justified the proceedings he had adopted with regard to the fathers, stating that—

The priests from Europe had traversed the country accompanied by large bands of disorderly persons, to the destruction of peace and good order, and in violation of the law; that they had endeavored to seduce his subjects from their allegiance; and that they made no secret of their design to effect the conquest of the country, as had been the case in the Philippines. The emperor then made the following pertinent observations: "Conceive yourself in my position, the ruler of a great empire; and suppose certain of my subjects should find their way into your possessions, on the pretence of teaching the doctrines of Dsin. If you should discover their assumed zeal in the cause of religion to be a mere mask for ambitious projects: that their real object was to make themselves masters of your dominions, would you not treat them as traitors to the state? I hold the Fa-

thers to be traitors to my state; and as such I do treat them."

For fifty years more, with partial prosecutions and restraints, Christianity was allowed to be propagated in Japan; but eventually, under the successor of Taico Sama, a most direful persecution of the Christians commenced, and in 1637 came the end. In the words of Kæmfer, "Japan was shut up." All European residents in the empire, with the exception of the Dutch, were expelled; a price was set on Christians generally, and on priests particularly; the promulgation of Christianity was prohibited; and all natives, if they quitted the country, were prohibited from returning on pain of death. It is very certain that the Christians were persecuted not as religionists, but as rebels. The jealousies of these Portuguese and Spaniards towards each other contributed to the overthrow of both; and the Dutch, who had at this time been near thirty years in the country, had a good opportunity, and availed themselves of it, to punish their old persecutors in Europe.

The Dutch arrived in Japan about the year 1600, and there they have continued ever since; their trade reduced, from time to time, from unlimited shipping and capital to two ships and a capital of 70,000*l.* a year; while, from being allowed to range over the empire, they are now imprisoned in a little barricaded islet of about 1,600 feet in length, and the same in breadth. Their first factory was at Firando, and from thence they were removed to their present virtual imprisonment at Nangasaki. The Japanese Government, at the time of this removal, was evidently alarmed at the position of the Dutch, although probably without any good reason. The Emperor, therefore, sent a commissioner to Firando, who required them to attend before him. His lecture is a curiosity worth quoting. After comparing the creeds of the Portuguese and Dutch, he pronounced them to be essentially the same, and then proceeded as follows:

In former times it was well known to us that you both served Christ, but on account of the bitter enmity you ever bore each other, we imagined there were two Christs. Now, however, the emperor is assured to the contrary. Now he knows you both serve one and the same Christ. From any indication of serving him you must for the future forbear. Moreover, on certain buildings you have newly erected, there is a date carved: which is reckoned from the birth of Christ. These buildings you must raise to the ground, presently.

(To be continued.)

JULES JANIN.

JULES JANIN was born at St. Etienne, a smoky manufacturing town situated in the heart of the coal district. Upon the right side of the Rhone, some thirty miles from Lyons, the future *feuilletonist* came into the world, which he has since so much amused, in 1804, so that he is now forty-seven years of age. His father was a provincial barrister, holding a good position at the bar of the local tribunal, and generally esteemed as a man of talent and information. In 1815, the young Janin was sent to school at Lyons; but already fate seemed to be beckoning him to his future metropolitan life, and he soon left the Rhone, and was entered as a student in the college of Louis le Grand at Paris. Here he acquired a sound classical education, and imbibed a love for classical quotation and illustration which has never

left him, and which he never scruples lavishly to indulge. His college studies over, the scholar—still a very young man—determined that, come what might, he would not leave that Paris, with its bustle and its gaiety, its pleasures and its distractions, which were so well adapted to the lively turn of his mind and the buoyant elasticity of his animal spirits. Truth to tell, however, Janin's means were not such as to allow him to take much share, other than as a philosophic spectator, in the agreeabilities of the capital: he had no profession, and no fortune; so, after a little casting about, he was fain to mount an unknown number of flights of steps, and take up his quarters in the highest and smallest of garrets, from which he could overlook the learned and dusky towers of the Sorbonne. Here Janin assisted young gentlemen in "cramming" for their degrees; in other words, he became a "grinder," and manufactured no end of learned Bachelors and Magisters. To this humble period of his life the *feuilletonist* loves to allude; and the garret in the Quartier-Latin, with its poor but gay-hearted and busy occupant, has been frequently and charmingly sketched. Janin himself recounts the incident which all at once flung him out of the learned harness of a sober scholastic professor, into the more glittering trappings of a thoroughbred journalist:—He was loitering one evening before a theatre of the Boulevards, watching the company as they formed a gay and laughing queue up to the pay place, and possibly prevented from himself becoming one of the joints of the tail by the reflection that it was to the pay place which it led, when he was accosted by an old fellow-student, upon whose arm hung a gay and graceful young lady. They were going to the play. Would Janin join them?—a seat in their box was at his disposal. He would be only too happy; and so, in five minutes, he found himself by the side of one of the prettiest and merriest actresses of the day. "Ah!" sighed the poor grinder, "you are a lucky fellow to be rich—to have private boxes, and to be able to offer them to charming actresses." "Rich!" was the reply, "I'm not rich, but I'm a journalist!" The word opened a new world to Janin. A journalist! He, too, he believed, could write—he, too, had felt the promptings which drive some men to ink as instinct drives ducklings to water. A journalist! "And I, too," said Janin, "will be a journalist!"

Ere a week was over, Janin had procured some slight employment as critic upon a little theatrical paper. Even in his first essays there was a natural nerve and an easy sparkle which showed that he had discovered his craft; and no long time had elapsed ere he became one of the most active and able editors of the *Figaro*, a satiric journal of nerve and power, which flourished greatly in Paris during the last years of the Restoration. Shortly afterwards, Janin published his first romance—a strange, grotesque production—full of cleverness, and not by any means devoid of nonsense—the odd name of the odd production being no other than "*L'âne mort et la Femme guillotinée*." The book, in spite of its manifold and manifest faults, achieved a fair success, was much read, severely criticised, and universally talked of. Next came the *roman* of "Bernane," by turns fanciful and impertinent, flippant and tender, but never dull. "*Le Chemin de Traverse*" was the appropriate name of Janin's third novel—appropriate, as

the author never sets out on his literary journey along the beaten highway, that he does not desert it for the most crooked cross-road he can find; and inasmuch as after following the *chemin de traverse* for some short distance, it is his regular practice to give it up also, wandering from field to field and bower to bower, and ending by finding himself, with his panting readers clustered round him, in some other and quite different path, leading to some other and quite different destination to that originally chalked out with all due gravity and decorum.

Janin's last novel was a two volume book, entitled "*Un Cœur pour deux Amours*." But these more pretentious works appeared in the midst of the swarm of fugitive papers—tales, essays, and sketches, which he is continually dashing off, and which have from time to time been collected and published as "*Contes Fantastiques*" and "*Nouveaux Contes*." It is, indeed, as a writer of these happy trifles, as a finished producer of that charming literary whipped cream—all sweet froth and effervescing bubbles—that the reputation of Janin will last. It is easy to depreciate this school of fluent, flimsy writing—to say there is nothing in it—it is all mere *soufflé*, which a breath has filled and a breath can puff away. Do not let the admirers of the ponderous, however, go too fast. Trifle is none the worse trifle for not being beef; a screen of daintily worked and fancifully guipured lace is none the worse fabric for not being a rampart of clay or a fence of iron. There are men whom we have heard talk contemptuously of Janin as a mere word-spinner, a mere juggler with phrases, and no doubt he does spin a dainty, though rather thin, web of words, and does juggle with phrases, whirling them and twirling them into the most fantastic and brilliant and unreal of clever empty paradoxes; but there is a curious and a very peculiar art about all this which is very far from being a low one, or one which can be easily imitated or acquired. Janin's success has drawn forth many copyists, who hit only his extravagances, totally missing the airy grace and elastic eloquence of his style, and succeeding, in fact, not much better than the German gentleman who nearly shook a house down by jumping over the tables, in order, as he said, "*apprendre d'être vif*."

With all his gaiety of style and fondness for pretty triviality of phrase, it must not be supposed that Janin is not, *au fond*, a man of fine judgment, strong sterling sense, and trained and educated taste. His dramatic criticisms are admirable; their fault is, perhaps, that they are somewhat overlaid with extraneous matter; but the decision, when you do get it, is always clear, sensible, and well supported, nervously put, and fancifully illustrated. The dramatic *feuilletons*, signed J. J., appear in the *Journal des Débats* regularly every Monday morning, and contain a review of the bygone dramatic week. For a very long series of years, more than a score we believe, Janin has never missed a Monday; and in a recent *feuilleton*, when talking of the English Sunday, he contrasts the general cessation from labor in London with the drudgery to which, by the arrangements of the French press and French society, he has so long been condemned, on the first day of each succeeding week, and graphically contrasts the grateful interval of toil proclaimed by the hebdomadal "church-going bell" with his own Sundays of hard and jarring literary labor.

Jules Janin is a married man, a universal favorite in society, and one who has always aimed at the reputation of being a thorough good fellow, an honest, tender friend, a wholesome-minded, sound-hearted, good-humored man, a *bon enfant*, in short, just as much as he aspired to the character of a trenchant critic and a brilliant periodical writer.—(*London Illustrated News*.)

PURSUIT OF CAT-FISH UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

It was in the first youth of one of the last born sisters of our Union, who, after a *mesalliance* with a Mexican, that greatly annoyed and distressed her friends, terminated the affair by scratching his eyes out; taking forcible possession of all the property, both personal and real, upon which she could lay her hands; kicking her would-be lord and master unceremoniously and incontinently out of doors; and then, like a good child, coming home again, and getting her friends to fight out her battles for her. As we before said, it was in the younger days of one of our youngest States that the adventure, or rather series of adventures, occurred, which I am about to relate.

In consequence of a certain roving disposition, desirous—as Cicero hath it—of novelities, I found myself located and domiciled in the bosom of the family of one Joe H—, a regular backwoodsman, a capital hunter, and a decided character, with nothing in particular to do except to amuse myself as best I might.

Had Joe been a Gothamite "to the manner born," his genius and inclination would have led him to Wall street, for he was "great" upon speculation, usually spending one third of his time in expeditions "up country" in search of silver mines; another third in hunting "bee trees," and taking possession, and the greater part of the remainder in studying how to get a living without work.

But, alas! Joe had never heard of "bulls" without horns, nor dreamed of meeting a "bear" unless there was mischief "bruin." The labor of a few days sufficed to make his somewhat scanty crop—a few more to gather his stock of cattle, and this left him the rest of the year to follow the bent of his inclination, which, without being what may be technically described as "cracked," nevertheless had as many twists and ramifications as the horn of a veteran of the flock and fold.

His last silver mine speculation had, as usual, proved unfortunate. He had spent six months in vainly searching the banks of the upper "Trinity," for the much coveted treasure, but found no bank there that paid specie. He had barely escaped starvation and scalping by the Indians, and returned home not particularly overburdened with clothing, and with the little that remained, of a multifarious and forlorn character, for his tailoring had been of the rudest; somewhat approaching the Adam and Eve style of the art.

His tobacco, coffee, and ammunition—the three *sine qua non*s of a backwoodsman—were nearly expended, and so he set his scheming hand to work to find or invent—*aut viam invenit aut fecit*—some plan to procure a further supply. These three aforesaid articles as I have just hinted, to a frontier man are, strictly speaking, the indispensable, for a small patch of cotton and an industrious wife provide his clothing, or if necessary the never failing rifle is called

into requisition for a buckskin. A minute portion of the surface of our universal mother supplies his herd; almost all are provided with a stock of cattle, a drove of hogs, and if not, the universal rifle is again summoned into the field.

A wolf skin, or the nearest palmetto brake, furnishes him with a hat, and a raw hide or deer skin, with a covering to his feet. So that if his be not a life of genuine, though too often lazy independence, we know not the correct interpretation of the term.

Within four miles of Joe's cabin, through a thicket so dense that even in that country of tangled forest, it is known—*par excellence*—as the big thicket, runs the San Jacinto, a stream whose waters pure and pellucid, traverse the finest timber in the world, and according to Joe's account, are patronised by an extensive variety of very superior fish. Now this fish part of the business was put in as a magnet, to attract me, and I had to trust Joe's word for it, as he was the only man in the settlement who had ventured to explore the tangled maze.

Joe's brain had generated a prodigious idea, worthy at the least of the immortal Jack Tibbets, and the sum of it was to go to Houston and pick up a score or so of the disbanded volunteers that were hanging about the town, with whom to enter into an extensive lumbering operation in the stove and shingle line. According to his calculation a fortune was to be realized in a very short time; but having had some slight experience in his vagaries, I determined to reason the matter with him, and try an experiment ere we plunged blindly into a serious matter.

Reason he would not hear; he had thought the affair over to his perfect satisfaction, but the experiment he finally agreed to try, and thus the compromise was ultimately settled. We were first to spend a month in the "timber," to *prospect*, as they would say now a days. Joe as a master workman and director-in-general; I as occasional assistant in the shingle business, and fisherman in ordinary attached to the commissariat department.

This plan was perfectly satisfactory to me, for one month I knew was quite sufficient to give a quietus to any of Joe's plans, which included personal exertions upon his own part; and in truth I had heard so much of the fish, that a desire had seized me to capture and taste of them.

Our first excursion, or rather incursion, was made simply and solely as a voyage of discovery. Our only sure guide to the spot was the fact that some two miles up the prairie ran, or perhaps often stood, a "bayou," which crossed it on its way to the river, and three miles below us was a "marais" or slough, which, according to my friend Joe's account, changed into a "branch;" then after running through a cypress brake or two, ultimately assumed the form of a palmetto swamp, and in that guise joined the river. Now these two land, or rather water-marks, gradually converged, and at last nearly met, so that all we had to do was to keep the "bayou" upon the right hand, and the swamp upon the left—a modern version of Scylla and Charybdis—and with the aid of patience, a huge hack-knife, Joe's woodcraft, and extreme good luck, we might, barring accidents, and the over clouding of the sun, finally hope to attain the point proposed.

There was, to be sure, a kind of path—rather a mythological affair—supposed to

have been originally marked out, by some ancient party of surveyors—partly kept open by cattle where the thicket was not very dense, and occasionally in other parts by such of the "varmint" as could crawl through the cane and under the briars, so that now and then a remnant was visible; but as both ends were totally blotted out from existence, and only a few marks of where it had been remained, it was, if anything, rather worse than useless.

The first part of our journey was effected on horseback; but after proceeding some half a mile into the "timber," this mode of progression was suddenly brought to a period by the dense undergrowth, and we were reduced to a very natural and primitive style of locomotion.

This spot had been aptly named the "big thicket." Immense bamboo briars, like vegetable *pythons*, twined and intertwined, crossed and recrossed, from tree to tree, and shrub to shrub, forming a natural trellis-work for the thousand and one wild and beautiful vines that abounded there. The "passion vine," with its singular flower and luscious fruit; the cypress vine with its dazzling gem-like blossoms, whose form is said to have suggested the pentagonal star of the Texan flag; the morning-glory trebling in size and beauty the stunted dwarfish thing formed in our northern gardens, and an immeasurable host of others of minor importance, clung to them.

Above our heads the gigantic wax-like blossoms of the magnificent magnolia grandiflora shed a perfume rivalling that of the lotus, while from the branches of every tree the trumpet-creeper, the parasite *par excellence* of the vegetable kingdom, moved her crimson coniform cups. Birds of showy plumage and joyous voice,—the dandy parakeet—the log-cock with his gaudy head-dress—the dusky mocking bird, whose imitative but inimitable song, more than compensates for his Quaker attire, were flitting to and fro, hopping from twig to twig so careless and unconcerned that it was evident they were seldom annoyed with a visit from the fell destroyer man.

We had now to contend for every step we gained; knife and hatchet were in constant requisition, and for one hour we pressed on in Indian file, as fast as we could. Joe now announced the discovery of a tree, which we recognised as one that grew near the neglected trail, and toward it we made our way. On reaching it, we found it truly near something that might have been a trail, or might have been a rabbit-path, and which led us in a few minutes into a cane-brake, where the rank cane grew in wild luxuriance, stuck, according to Joe, as "the hars on a dog." Joe said "he allowed this would't pay for powder," for we had certainly stumbled into the slough which formed our southern boundary,—and so off we started in an opposite direction. Unfortunately, while following our trail the sun had become obscured; and we had been so busy cutting our way, and keeping in the path, that we had neglected to take an observation of the prominent trees ahead of us.

The backwoodsman's compass—the black and rough bark upon the north side of trees—failed to assist us, for so thoroughly defended were they by the dense thicket, that the bitter northers seemed to have produced no effect upon them. Under these circumstances, it was perhaps not in the least surprising that, after floundering about

awhile in the bush, we found ourselves in an immense and gloomy cypress-brake.

Reader, did you ever see a cypress brake? If not, you have yet one nameless horror to experience—your first emotion upon beholding one. The brake is always upon low ground, or rather in a swale, which during the rainy season is filled with water; but the one into which we had stumbled, was perfectly dry, excepting here and there a puddle, containing rather more mud than water, and densely populated with that most vile of reptiles the moccasin snake—great numbers of which had congregated there.

The ground was perfectly bare, fibrous, and free from anything like grass or vegetation, save an occasional cluster of rank and noxious vines, of a sickening, deadly green. From this drear abode arose the trunk of many a huge cypress, shooting up its straight and living shaft, far, far above our heads, seeming almost to pierce the clouds, and at a great height outstretching its spectral arms, shrouded and draped with the fatal "hanging moss," which lives, and feeds, and thrives only upon malaria and vapor of the most deadly kind. No settler builds his cabin near the spot where its sombre curtain is seen waving to and fro, but he shuns it as being a sure token of the presence of pestilence and death.

Around the foot of each tree are standing a number of those singular conical shaped shoots, termed needles, resembling so many grave stones, and slowly crawling among them, or lying stupid and sullen, with its mouth wide agape, is ever found the filthy moccasin. No token gives he of his presence like the tocsin of the chivalrous rattlesnake; but, should you approach too near, you would soon feel his venomous fangs more fatal even than those of the latter. He is the most hateful of his hateful kind, a truculent coward, and never, save in one solitary instance, have I known one to offer an attack, or even resist one in any other manner than by slinking hissing away.

To my surprise, Joe seemed quite satisfied that we had fallen in with the swamp. His reasons, however, were good,—"for" said he, "this is either a part of the slough, and if so, must be near the river; or it joins the bayou; and if this is the case, we cannot be far from it either, because the slough and the bayou do not approach each other until near it."

Out of the brake we scrambled, intending to make our way between the two obstacles, but had not proceeded far when the sun made his appearance shining, to my astonishment, not in our faces, but upon our backs. Joe however, nothing daunted, took it very quietly, merely muttering something about having taken a "back-track," and then wheeling about, with the sun for his pilot, guided me directly to the river.

A more beautiful stream never gladdened my eyes; running over a bed of pebbles and rock, between shelving banks of glistening sand, white as the unsullied snow flake, it resembled rather one of our pure and joyous northern waters, than anything of the kind I had before seen in the south.

In a deep pool immediately beneath the overhanging bank upon which I was standing however, a half grown alligator floating lazily upon the surface, and the occasional flash of fins and tail of that shark of the fresh water—the gar, assured me of the southern locality.

Strong was the temptation to cast a line into the blue depths below, but alas! the means and appliances were wanting. The day was Sunday, and Joe, albeit far from a bigot, was a very aristocrat in his feelings, and had put a decided veto upon taking with us any tackle for fishing.

"He was not," he said, "set up about Sunday, but huntin' and fishin' on that day was *clar nigger*, and went agin him;" and so I dropped the subject.

After strolling down stream and selecting an eligible spot for our camp, we returned; and, although we lost our way again—which, by the bye, we never after failed of doing, either in going in or coming out of the brake—yet at length arriving safely at the place where our horses were tied up, we mounted them and soon reached home.

During the evening I thought of nothing but the fish; my dreams that night were full of them, and I awoke next morning with the full and fixed determination that come what might, that day would I cast my line into the crystal waters of the San Jacinto.

Joe, for a wonder, had something to do, and after advising me to abandon the idea of visiting the river alone, finally submitted, saying that there was nothing like learning after all, and giving me the best advice and direction in his power, bade me God speed in his own rough fashion.

At an early hour of a bright morning did I set forth upon my mad-cap expedition, and after some three or four hours of vigorous exertion, found myself heaven knows where. The thicket seemed to grow more dense at every step, until at last I reached something that resembled a new made path. The thick tall cane had been trampled and crushed so that for a time I made famous headway. As I was pressing onward, a rattling of cane caught my ear, and peering into the thicket, I saw something that I was convinced at a glance must be either a clergyman, a chimney sweep, or a bear, and as there was not the slightest probability of either of the former gentry being in such a latitude, I conjectured, and rightly, that it must be no less a personage than Sir Bruin himself.

At the identical moment when we made the discovery, my sable coated friend had also ascertained my proximity, and not knowing but that I might be fair game for him, wheeled in his track and returned.

Totally unarmed, save a large hack-knife, I stepped aside to a huge tree, and placing my back against it awaited his coming. It was but a moment; the cane parted and there he stood, but stood not long.

I have before in my life made some noise, yet it was surely but as silence when compared to the yell with which I greeted him. Which of us was the more alarmed I know not, but the victory was with me. Bruin retreated without touch of drum, and, with a snort resembling that of a plethoric specimen of the porcine genus in a state of excessive alarm, abandoned the field.

My joy at his departure was much increased by the discovery that the tree where I was standing was upon the bank of the bayou, which I now determined to keep in sight until the end and aim of my journey was attained.

In a few minutes I fell in with a path newly cut in the dense cane, and pressed onward with renewed vigor.

Presently I came to a tree which bore so striking a resemblance to the one which

stood upon the scene of the bear's stampede, that I paused to look at it, but remembering that it was no phenomenon to find two trees similar to each other in the forest, I resumed my course.

After the lapse of a short interval I passed a third, then a fourth, and finally a fifth tree, all alike, and for the first time the many tales I had heard of lost travellers moving round and round in a circle from which there seemed no escape flashed upon my mind.

But no; this might not be, I had kept the banks of the bayou upon my right, and must now be going down stream. However, for my satisfaction, I determined to mark the tree with a "blaze," did so, and went on. In a short time my vegetable "old man of the sea" again hove in sight, and upon examination there was the "blaze" I had so lately cut.

It was perfectly inexplicable. Had I gone mad? Was this some illusion of the senses? I thought, and with a shudder, of a certain old, withered, parchment faced African negro, a privileged character in Joe's settlement, whose hitherto undisputed claims to the possession of magic power, I had seen fit to call in question and ridicule, only the previous evening, to the manifest alarm of the listeners.

A moment's reflection, however, banished all this, and laughing at my singular situation, I determined, *coute qui coute*, to escape from this modern labyrinth. Down the precipitate banks of the bayou I dashed, and made my way, now upon one side of the nearly dried up stream, now upon the other, and now through the shallow water in its bed. Once more and for the last time my tree was seen, and the mystery was solved. It appears I had stumbled upon a peninsula formed by the bayou's doubling upon itself. The entrance was but a step from bank to bank, and my chance of finding the way out by the same isthmus was small indeed.

By the time I reached the river, the sun was declining, and threatening clouds warned me to make the best of my way homewards. Without experiencing any serious mishap, save my reaching the prairie three miles above the proper place, I arrived in safety, perfectly satisfied with my exploit, and willing in future to await Joe's motions.

At last behold us fairly located upon the banks of the river, where Joe had selected a fine hard shingle beach upon which to pitch our camp. This said camp was an extemporaneous affair, a kind of *al fresco* home, formed by setting up a few crotchets to sustain a rude roof of undressed shingles, manufactured impromptu,—there known as "boards," supported upon diminutive rafters of cane.

This done, a cypress suitable for a canoe, or "dug out," was selected, and in two days shaped, hollowed out, and launched. Fairly embarked now in the business, I found but little difficulty in obtaining a supply of green trout and other kinds of river fish, but the huge "Cats" where were they? I fished at early morn and dewy eve, ere the light had faded out from the stars of morning, and after dame Nature had donned her *robe de nuit*, all was vain.

Joe counselled patience, and hinted that the larger species of "Cats" never ran but during a rise or fall in the river, and must then be fished for at night.

One morning heavy clouds in the north and the sound of distant thunder informed

us that a storm was in progress near the head waters of our stream. My rude tackle was looked after, and bait prepared in anticipation of the promised fish, which the perturbed waters of the river were to incite to motion.

Night came, and I left for a spot where I knew the Cats must frequent; a deep dark hole, immediately above a sedgy flat. My patience and perseverance at length met with their reward. I felt something very carefully examining the bait, and at last tired of waiting for the bite, struck with force.

I had him, a huge fellow too; backwards and forwards he dashed, up and down, in and out. No fancy tackle had I, but plain and trustworthy, at least so I fondly imagined.

At last I trailed the gentleman upon the sedge, and was upon the eve of wading in and securing him, when a splash in the water which threw it in every direction, announced that something new had turned up, and away went I, hook and line, into the black hole below. At this moment my tackle parted, the robber—whether alligator or gar I know not—disappeared with my half captured prey, and I crawled out upon the bank in a blessed humor.

My fishing was finished for the evening; but repairing the tackle as best I could, casting the line again into the pool and fixing the pole firmly in the knot-hole of a fallen tree, I abandoned it to fish upon its own hook.

When I arose in the morning, a cold "norther" was blowing fiercely, and the river had risen in the world during the night. The log to which my pole had formed a temporary attachment, had taken its departure for parts unknown, and was in all human probability at that moment engaged in making an experimental voyage on account of "whom it may concern."

The keen eye of Joe, who had been peering up and down the river, however discovered something upon the opposite side that bore a strong resemblance to the missing pole, and when the sun had fairly risen we found that there it surely was, and moreover its bowing to the water's edge, and subsequent straightening up, gave proof that a fish was fast to the line.

The northern blast blew shrill and cold, and the ordinarily gentle current of the river was now a mad torrent, lashing the banks in its fury, and foaming over the rocks and trees that obstructed its increased volume.

Joe and I looked despairingly at each other and shook our heads in silence and in sorrow.

Yet there was the pole waving to and fro at times when the fish would repeat his efforts to escape; it was more than the Cup of Tantalus, and after bearing it as long as I could, I prepared for a plunge into the maddened stream. One plunge, however, quite satisfied me; I was thrown back upon the shore, cold and dispirited.

During the entire day there stood or swung to and fro the wretched pole, now upright as an orderly serjeant, now bending down and kissing the waters at its feet.

The sight I bore until flesh and blood could no more endure. The sun had sunk to rest, the twilight was fading away, and the stars were beginning to peep out from their sheltering places inquiringly, as if to know why the night came not on, when I, strung in soul, determined at any hazard to dare the venture.

Wringing the hand of Joe, who shook his head dubiously, up the stream I bent my course until I reached a point some distance above, from which the current passing dashed with violence against the bank and shot directly over to the very spot where waved and wagged our wretched rod, cribbed by the waters, and cabined and confined among the logs.

I plunged in, and swift as an arrow from the bow, the water hurried me on, a companion to its mad career. The point was almost gained, when a shout from Joe called my attention to the pole: alas the fish was gone, and the line was streaming out in the fierce wind.

That night was I avenged; a huge cat was borne home in triumph. How I took it, or where, it matters not; for so much time having been occupied in narrating how we did not, I have none remaining to tell how I did.

The next point was to decide as to the cooking of him. Joe advised a barbacue; a fine fellow like that, he said, with two inches of clear fat upon his back bone, would make a noble feast. Let not the "two inches of clear fat" startle the incredulous reader, for in that country of lean swine I have often heard that catfish are used to fry bacon in.

But to the cooking,

We cooked him that night, and we cooked him next day,
And we cooked him in vain until both passed away.

He would not be cooked, and was in fact much worse, and not half so honest as a worthy old gander—once purchased by a very innocent friend of mine—that was found to contain in its maw a paper embracing both his genealogy and directions with reference to the advisable mode of preparing him for the table; of which all that I remember is, that parboiling for sixteen days was warmly recommended as an initial step.

Sixteen days parboiling I am convinced would but have rendered our friend the tougher. We tried him over a hot fire and a slow one,—we smoked him, singed him, and in fine tried all known methods in vain, and finally consigned him again, uneaten, to the waters.

The moral of my tale, dear reader, is simply this: Waste not your precious time in taking cats, but if taken consign them at once, unsinged, to their original element,—and so shall a great waste of time and patience be spared. P. P.

THE DRAMA.

OUR acquisitions to the stock of native excellence in the drama are not so frequent that we can afford to omit an early recognition of their appearance. We have often been invited to witness the rising of a star, and have been promised over and over again, on the play-bills and by enthusiastic personal devotees, that Kean had come again, and was to be seen at the — Theatre any night during his forthcoming engagement. Alas! how many of these have proved false lights, which have plunged us in a heavy-cushioned seat to flounder about, for a weary evening, with the new aspirant! Two-penny dips, they have frequently proved, all wick and sputter.

When we, therefore, assert that Mr. WILMARTH WALLER, who presented himself for the first time before a New York audience on Monday evening of last week, at the Broadway, is a Star, justly entitled to that honorable distinction, we are, we believe, too strict in our requirements of excellence to fancy that we labor under any mistake or delusion. We lay aside entirely the circumstances of Mr. Waller's position: his youth, his novitiate, his nativity in this city, any prestige that may be supposed to attend his successful performances at foreign theatres—and judge him strictly by what he accomplishes.

The elements of excellence are these: in a well proportioned and manageable person; a voice of sufficient compass and delicacy; an eye and countenance variable and expressive.

How are these developed? Not in all cases with equal skill and success. Strangely enough, Mr. Waller accomplishes most where most is required of him. His Claude Melnotte is by no means a satisfactory performance: his *Virginian* (Hamlet we had no opportunity to witness), on the evening following—while in the more level parts of no special mark—as it advanced towards the crisis of the piece—disclosed merits for which no observer of the earlier personation would have given him credit. While traces of mannerism and imitation were noticeable—almost painfully noticeable—in the humbler rôle—in the glow of the real passion and feeling of the nobler part, these drossy incumbrances were fairly melted down and purged away: and we saw acting worthy of a star in the best sense of that honorable, though much-abused distinction. For special consideration in Mr. Waller, we point to his judicious reserve,—performing rather within than beyond his power: skilful management of the voice,—particularly in transitions from violence to gentleness—grace in attitude and gesture, and a general decorum of demeanor throughout the entire performance. We could object again to confused delivery at times, where the elocution is tumultuous but not distinct; a flood of unarticulated words—as if having poured upon this page a plenteous supply of ink, we should pass our hand over the entire sheet, and leave it a blur of mere undistinguishable darkness.

Without further detail of criticism at present, we award to Mr. WALLER the possession of eminent resources for success—and are happy to have it in our power to point to him as one who rises above the general horizon of mediocrity, and promises to hold on his course brightly towards that zenith to which his young ambition prompts him.

FACTS AND OPINIONS.

THE Anniversary of the Euclean and Philomathean Societies of the University was observed on Monday evening of last week, with an oration by Rev. Dr. BETHUNE and a Poem by JOHN G. SAXE, Esq. The oration was in the usual fervid style of Dr. Bethune, fluent, ready, and enthusiastic. The subject, "The Orator of the Present Time: the Secret of his Power and the Motives for its Exercise"—was one well suited to the speaker, and he disposed of it to the hearty satisfaction of his audience.

The Poem—in which Mr. Saxe, we believe, made his first personal appearance before a New York audience, was marked throughout by the neat touches and jaunty rhymes for which the author is distinguished. The whole production was eminently entertaining, and some of the

hits were as palpable as the spear's point when it touches the bull's eye.

The address to the Alumni was delivered by Howard Crosby, Esq., himself one of the number. It was a closely reasoned and eloquent argument in favor of science, not merely in its practical forms, the speaker contending that if confined to these it was a mere handmaid to the materialist money-making spirit of the time; but in its highest forms, as a mental discipline, a means of serving God by impressing upon us both the magnitude of His creation and our own littleness. He advocated a high standard, an inner temple for the service of the scholar, from which he was not to descend to the multitude, but draw that multitude in reverence and admiration to its portal. He deprecated warmly the attempts in some colleges at the present day of making their courses popular, and exhorted his associates, as the children of an Institution not yet tainted with this heresy, to be true to the cause of high science, not the substitute for, but the guide to, and explainer of, religion.

VARIETIES

From "Notes and Queries."

THE expression so familiar to schoolboys of "going tick," may perhaps be traced to this, a tick or mark being put for every glass of ale. —C. DE LA FRYNE.

DUTCH FOLK-LORE.

1. A baby laughing in its dreams is conversing with the angels.
2. Rocking the cradle when the babe is not in it, is considered injurious to the infant, and a prognostic of its speedy death.
3. A strange dog following you is a sign of good luck.
4. A stork settling on a house is a harbinger of happiness. To kill such a bird would be sacrilege.
5. If you see a shooting star, the wish you form before its disappearance will be fulfilled.
6. A person born with a caul is considered fortunate.
7. Four-leaved clover brings luck to the person who finds it unawares.
8. An overturned salt-cellar is a ship wrecked. If a person take salt and spill it on the table, it betokens a strife between him and the person next to whom it fell. To avert the omen, he must lift up the shed grains with a knife, and throw them behind his back.
9. After eating eggs in Holland, you must break the shells, or the witches would sail over in them to England. The English don't know under what obligations they are to the Dutch for this custom. Please to tell them.
10. If you make a present of a knife or scissors, the person receiving must pay something for it; otherwise the friendship between you would be cut off.
11. A tingling ear denotes there is somebody speaking of you behind your back. If you hear the noise in the right one, he praises you; if on the left side, he is calling you a scoundrel, or something like that. But never mind! for if in the latter case you bite your little finger, the evil speaker's tongue will be in the same predicament. By all means don't spare your little finger!
12. If at dinner a person yet unmarried be placed inadvertently between a married couple, be sure he or she will get a partner within the year. It's a pity it must be inadvertently.
13. If a person when rising throw down his chair, he is considered guilty of untruth.
14. A potatoe begged or stolen is a preservative against rheumatism. Chestnuts have the same efficacy.
15. The Nymphaea, or water-lily, whose broad leaves and clear white or yellow cups float upon the water, was esteemed by the old Frisians to have a magical power. "I remember when a boy," says Dr. Halbertsma, "that we were extremely careful in plucking and handling

them; for if any one fell with such a flower in his possession, he became immediately subject to fits."

16. One of my friends cut himself. A man servant being present, secured the knife hastily, anointed it with oil, and putting it into the drawer, besought the patient not to touch it for some days. Whether the cure was effected by this sympathetic means, I can't affirm; but cured it was: so don't be alarmed.

17. If you feel on a sudden a shivering sensation in your back, there is somebody walking over your future grave.

18. A person speaking by himself will die a violent death.

19. Don't go under a ladder, for if you do you will be hanged. * a ?
Amsterdam.

RUB-A-DUB.

This word is put forward as an instance of how new words are still formed with a view to similarity of sound with the sound of what they are intended to express, by Dr. Francis Lieber, in a "Paper on the Vocal Sounds of Laura Bridgman compared with the Elements of Phonetic Language," and its authorship is assigned to Daniel Webster, who said in a speech of July 17, 1850:

"They have been beaten incessantly every month, and every day, and every hour, by the din, and roll, and rub-a-dub of the Abolition presses."

Dr. L. adds:

"No dictionary in my possession has rub-a-dub; by and by the lexicographer will admit this as yet half-wild word."

My note is, that though this word is not recognised by the dictionaries, yet it is by no means so new as Dr. L. supposes; for I distinctly remember that, some four-and-twenty years ago, one of the gay-colored books so common on the shelves of nursery libraries had, among other equally *recherché* couplets, the following attached to a gaudy print of a military drum:

"Not a rub-a-dub will come
To sound the music of a drum:"

—no great authority certainly, but sufficient to give the word a greater antiquity than Dr. L. claims for it; and no doubt some of your readers will be able to furnish more dignified instances of its use. J. EASTWOOD.

Ecclesfield.

[To this it may be added, that *dub-a-dub* is found in Halliwell's *Arch. Gloss.* with the definition, "To beat a drum; also the blow on the drum, 'The dub-a-dub of honor.' Woman is a weathercock, p. 21, there used metaphorically." Mr. Halliwell might also have cited the nursery rhyme:

"Sing rub-a-dub-dub,
Three men in a tub."]

CHAUCER AND THE EXHIBITION.—Chaucer, it would seem, possessed a prophetic faculty in his prefiguration of this palace of glass. The passages we quote occur in the *House of Fame*, in the introduction to which the poet describes it as a vision, and speculates upon the causes of dreams, affirming his inability to decide whether

"Spirits have the might
To make folks dream o'night
Or if the soul of proper kind
Be so perfect as men find
That it wot what is to come."

"As I slept," he goes on to say,
"I dreamt I was

Within a temple made of glass,
In which there were more images
Of gold standing in sundry stages,
In more rich tabernacles,
And with jewels more pinnacles,
And more curious portraitures
And quaint manner of figures
Of gold work than I saw ever."

"Then saw I stand on either side
Straight down to the doors wide
From the dais many a pillar
Of metal that shone out full clear."

"Then gan I to look about and see
That there came ent'ring in the hall
A right great company withal,
And that of sundry regions
Of all kinds and conditions
That dwell in earth beneath the moon,
Poor and rich."

"Such a great congregation
Of folks as I saw roam about,
Some within and some without,
Was never seen nor shall be more!"

So palpable a coincidence is, to say the least of it, very curious.

TOBACCO.—Those who first thought of putting tobacco dust up their noses were first laughed at, and then persecuted more or less. James I. of England wrote against snuff-takers a book entitled "Miso-capsnos." Some years later Pope Urban VIII. excommunicated all persons who took snuff in churches. The Empress Elizabeth thought it necessary to add something to the penalty of excommunication pronounced against those who used the black dust during divine service, and authorized the beadles to confiscate the snuff-boxes to their own use. Amurath IV. forbade the use of snuff under the pain of having the nose cut off. No useful plant could have withstood such attacks. If before this invention a man had been found to say: Let us seek the means of filling the coffers of the state by a voluntary tax; let us set about selling something which everybody will use, and no one will like to do without. In America there is a plant essentially poisonous; if from its leaves you extract an empyreumatic oil, a single drop of it will cause an animal to die in horrible convulsions. Suppose we offer this plant for sale chopped up, or reduced to a powder. We will sell it very dear, and tell people to stuff the powder up their noses." "That is to say," I suppose, "you will force them to do so by law?" "Not a bit. I spoke of a voluntary tax. As to the portion we chop up, we will tell them to inhale it, and swallow a little of the smoke from it besides." "But it will kill them." "No; they will become rather pale, perhaps feel giddy, spit blood, and suffer from colics, or have pains in the chest—that's all. Besides, you know, although it has been often said that habit is second nature, people are not yet aware how completely man resembles the knife, of which the blade first, and then the handle had been changed two or three times. In man there is no nature left—nothing but habit remains. People will become like Mithridates, who had learnt to live on poisons. The first time that a man will smoke, he will feel sickness, nausea, giddiness, and colics; but that will go off by degrees, and in time he will get so accustomed to it, that he will only feel such symptoms now and then—when he smokes tobacco that is bad, or too strong—or when he is not well, and in five or six other cases. Those who take it in powder will sneeze, have a disagreeable smell, lose the sense of smelling, and establish in their nose a sort of perpetual blister. "Then, I suppose it smells very nice?" "Quite the reverse. It has a very unpleasant smell; but, as I said, we'll sell it very dear, and reserve to ourselves the monopoly of it." "My good friend," one would have said to any one absurd enough to hold a similar language, "nobody will envy you the privilege of selling a weed that no one will care to buy. You might as well open a shop and write on it: Kicks sold here; or, Such a-one sells blows wholesale and retail. You would find as many customers as for your poisonous weed." Well! who would have believed that the first speaker was right, and that the tobacco speculation

would answer perfectly! The kings of France have written no satires against snuff, have had no noses cut off, no snuff-boxes confiscated. Far from it. They have sold tobacco, laid on an impost on noses, and given snuff-boxes to poets, with their portraits on the lid, and diamonds all round. This little trade has brought them in I don't know how many millions a year. The potatoe was far more difficult to popularize, and has still some adversaries.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE MESSRS. APPLETON have concluded an arrangement with ex-Senator Benton, for the publication of the political work upon which he is now engaged in his retirement. It will form a single volume of about 800 pages octavo; and, although in the main a compilation of selections from the speeches of the author during the senatorial debates of the last thirty years, will, we understand, furnish a complete *résumé* of the political history of the country during that time, and include a great variety of matters derived from the personal connexions of Colonel Benton with the Democratic administrations and political organizations of the same era, and the experience which he has derived from his public life. In the preparation of the book he is receiving aid from several of his former colleagues in the Senate, or who have been in the cabinets of Presidents Jackson and Van Buren; and the result of the publication will be looked for with an interest beyond that which attaches to the ordinary works of politicians, from the peculiar characteristics of the author, and his strongly marked opinions, modes of thought and expression, and the cordiality of his sympathies and antipathies, which will probably be fully manifested in the pages of these politico-biographical memoirs. The title of the work, which is not yet announced, will be "Thirty Years in the Senate of the United States."

The Rev. Dr. CONANT, of the University of Rochester, is engaged, it is said, in making a new translation of the Bible into English, with notes, and to appear in parts, commencing next autumn. Mr. Lewis Colton is to be the publisher.

ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS are issuing a new edition of the whole works of Dr. John Owen, in sixteen 8vo. volumes of near 400 pages each. The same house have nearly ready Rev. Andrew Bonar's Commentary on Leviticus; a Collection of Prayers for Daily Family Worship; and Lectures on Evidences of Revelation, delivered before the University of Virginia.

A new, enlarged, and improved edition of the "Index to Subjects Treated in the Principal Reviews, Magazines, &c.," is in preparation for speedy publication.

Several new volumes of the Scientific Portion of the United States' Exploring Expedition in 4to. are in a promising state of forwardness. *Conchology*, by Dr. Gould, is in press—and the folio of plates, nearly finished. *Fishes*, under the superintendence of Agassiz, is in preparation—the plates of which are under the superintendence of Mr. Drayton, and are nearly finished. "Ferns," by Mr. Brackenridge, with the folio Atlas of illustrations, are quite ready for the press.

MESSRS. HOPKINS, BRIDGMAN & Co., Northampton, Mass., will publish in two or three weeks a new book compiled by Edward Hitchcock, D.D., LL.D., President of Amherst College, entitled "The Power of Christian Benevolence, illustrated in the Life and Labors of Miss Mary Lyon;" late Principal of the Mount Holyoke Female Seminary, South Hadley, Ms. It will be a 12mo. of about 450 pages, with four fine steel engravings.

J. K. FISHER, Esq., has returned to his former rooms, at 179 Broadway, where he has for sale

copies, by himself, from works in the Galleries in Venice, Parma, Rome, Florence, and Naples; the originals by Titian, Corregio, Tintoretto, Paul Veronese, Raffaello, and others. Mr. F. is well known to our community as one of the most active and elegant of our artists and friends of art.

LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & Co. have in press, "The Human Body and its Connexion with Man, illustrated by the principal Organs," by James John Garth Wilkinson, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons of England.


LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED IN THE UNITED STATES FROM THE 28TH OF JUNE TO THE 12TH JULY.

- Banvard (Joseph).—Plymouth and the Pilgrims; or, Incidents of Adventure in the History of the First Settlers. 12mo. pp. 288 (Boston, Gould & Lincoln).
 Collias (Mrs.).—Table Receipts; adapted to Western Housewifery. 12mo. pp. 144 (New Albany, Ind., R. Nunemacher).
 Dana (R. H., Jr.).—The Seaman's Friend; containing a Treatise on Practical Seamanship, &c. 12mo. pp. 225 (Boston, T. Groom & Co.).
 Dumas (A.).—The Countess of Salisbury. 8vo. pp. 189 (Stringer & Townsend).
 Familiar Science; or, the Scientific Explanation of Common Things. Edited by R. E. Peterson. 12mo. pp. 358 (Phila., R. E. Peterson).
 Fruits of Leisure; or, Essays Written in the Intervals of Business. 12mo. pp. 133 (D. F. Randolph).
 Hague (Rev. W.).—Life and Character of Adoniram Judson. 8vo. pp. 38 (Boston, Gould & Lincoln).
 Hibbard (F. G.).—Palestine; its Geography and Bible History. 12mo. pp. 334 (Lane & Scott).
 How to Live in London; a Practical Guide to the British Capital, &c. By the late Editor of a London Journal. 18mo. pp. 168 (Adrianse, Sherman & Co.).
 Peter (W.).—William Tell (from Schiller), and other Poems. 3d edition. 18mo. (Phila., Lindsay & Blackiston).
 Rosenberg (C. G.).—Jenny Lind in America. 12mo. pp. 236 (Stringer & Townsend).
 Richardson (Maj.).—Eclair; or, the Salons of Paris. 8vo. pp. 206 (Dewitt & Davenport).
 Semmes (Lieut. R.).—Service Afloat and Ashore during the Mexican War. 8vo. pp. 480 (Cincinnati, W. H. Moore).
 Sherburne (J. H.).—The Life and Character of John Paul Jones, a Captain in the United States Navy, during the Revolutionary War. By John Henry Sherburne. 2d edition. 8vo. pp. 408 (Adrianse, Sherman & Co.).
 The Patriarchal Age; or, the Story of Joseph. 12mo. pp. 342 (Phila., R. E. Peterson).
 Wordsworth (C.).—Memoirs of William Wordsworth. Edited by Henry Reed. Vol. 2. 12mo. pp. 518 (Boston, Ticknor & Co.).

Littell's Living Age.—No. 374, 12½ Cts.

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1. Thackeray and Dickens, *North British Review*.
2. Education in Liberia, *Boston Journal*.
3. Cunyngame's Glimpse of the United States, *Spectator*.
4. Brother Charles, *Chambers's Journal*.
5. Wyld's Model Globe, *Daily News*.
6. The Drying Process, *Chambers's Journal*.
7. The Bereaved Trombone, *Do.*
8. Pigs and Pig-Worship, *Tait's Magazine*.
9. A Moorish Execution, *Buffalo Commercial Advertiser*.
10. The Value of Rubbish, *Chambers's Journal*.
11. The Empire of Japan, *Examiner*.
12. A Murderer's Confession, *Do.*
13. Companions of my Solitude, *Spectator*.
14. Mr. Thackeray's Second Lecture, *Examiner*.
15. Martineau's History of the Peace, *Spectator*.
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